

# THE LIVING AGE.

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No. 926.—1 March, 1862.

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From "POEMS, WITH AUTOBIOGRAPHIC AND OTHER NOTES:" by T. H. STOCKTON, Chaplain to Congress. W. S. & A. Martien, Philadelphia.

From "Faith and Sight:"—page 21.  
THE CHURCH.

"FAITH was the watchword of the spreading Church;

And, long as this was sounded, victory  
With gorgeous trophies strewed her onward march,

Till Jove's imperial eagle fled the scene,  
And the dove perched upon the crest of Rome.  
What now? Alas, the realm of light subdued,  
The fairest portion of the Earth possest,  
Remoter glories lost their former charms,  
Surrounding joys attained ascendant power,  
And the throned Church soon slept upon the throne.

With shouts of gladness she had left the plains  
Of widowed Judah, scorned and scourged, to move

In swelling triumph toward the central height  
Of Gentile rule; but, that achievement gained,  
Forgot the outer boundaries of gloom,  
And clung inglorious to her hard-won rest.  
Thus, when the sword of faith had cleared her way,

The smiling scenes of vision stayed her course:  
And, as the world had been her aim, her heaven,  
This won, her only duty seemed repose.

How passed her time? Much in amusements vain,

And numberless inventions for the eye.  
And not the eye alone: the boast became,  
That true religion every sense regales.  
And so, magnificent temples, altars, shrines;  
Sculptures and pictures; ornaments of gold,  
Of silver, and of gems; with splendid lights  
Sparkling on all; still added genial warmth,  
Rare music, breath of flowers, diffusive clouds  
Of incense sweet to faintness; every art  
Of princely priests, from princely palaces,  
And princely festivals; in princely robes,  
With princely retinues and revenues,  
And every seal of power and badge of pride:  
In short, for sight, sense, all things—few for faith.

Oh, had the Church, in memory of her Lord,  
Repelled the tempter, and pursued her toil;  
Long ere to-day might truth have filled the Earth,

And all the nations hailed the God of all."

From "Snow:"—pages 48-49.  
THE TREES.

"THE few old trees around me scarce retained  
One lingering leaf; so often robbed of all,  
They gave their honors to the first rude blast;  
But here and there a sapling vainly held  
Its shreds of gold and crimson:—Thus fond youth

Clings to its cherished hopes, while wiser age,  
By disappointment taught from early years,  
Expects the storm and meets it with a smile."

THE BROOK.

"BESIDE me opened yon recluse ravine,  
Down which a lonely tributary stream

Serenely glides at times, then, shouting wild,  
In crystal cascades leaps from rock to rock,  
Till, winding round the hill's foot, glad it sees  
The mother tide, and bounds into her arms."

WILD FLOWERS IN THE SNOW-FALL.

"THERE, while I looked around with curious glance,

I spied some little wild flowers, peering up,  
And leaning on the bosom of decay;  
Like orphans sleeping on a mother's grave.  
Sweet sky-blue relics! how they won my love!  
Oh, might the winter spare them! but, alas!  
Like the last earthly hopes of dying men,  
E'en they must perish. Ere the morrow's dawn,  
The yet-descending snow shall all entomb."

From "Man:"—pages 71-76.

VALE AND SEA CONTRASTED.

"How different from the sea! No billows roll,  
No breakers roar, within this scope serene.  
No plunging prows, no shivering sails, are here.  
The quiet soil sleeps on from age to age,  
And all its structures stand in still repose;  
More sure than anchorage, mooring, or the dock.  
The surface *there* is blank, life dreads the air,  
And holds its hidden revels in the deep.  
*Here*, depth is death, and all of life ascends,  
Exulting in the breezes and the light—  
The heaven of resurrection from the grave,  
Where every tree its branch of triumph waves."

SUNRISE.

—"THE sun, up-looming from the sea,  
With rim of dazzling white, and centre black  
With blinding glory, lifts its lower verge  
From seeming touch, and instantly retires,  
Without a tremor, to infinity—  
Thence earthward shining still, while clouds of mist,  
From wave and cliff, from inland hill and stream,  
Rise, like a lifted firmament, and show  
From pole to pole the waking world beneath."

From "The First Woman:"—page 120.  
EVE.

"SHE, formed from him: his rib removed, to make  
His heart defenceless—heart already full  
Of her first arrows: she, of such a curve,  
From such a place, contrived, to show her task—  
To curl around his heart and guard it well."

From "Columbus:"—page 215.

THE EVENT.

"ONE night—  
A fearful way from home:  
A little light  
Sparkled upon the sight  
Of the sleepless man with the hopeful heart:  
As though Time's steed,  
Just at the goal decreed,  
With his last leap had struck the spark,  
From the New World in the dark."

## PART IV.—CHAPTER XIV.

"WELL, it's to be hoped she's going to do well for herself—that's all we've got to do with it, eh?"

"I suppose so," said Mr. Wodehouse; "she's nothing to you, is she, but a little girl you've taken a deal of notice of?—more notice than was wanted, if I am any judge. If she does go and marry this fellow from Australia, and he's willing to take the whole bundle back to where they came from, it is the best thing that could happen, in *my* opinion. Sly young dog that doctor though, I must say—don't you think so? Well, that's how it appears to me. Let's see; there was Bessie —; hum! perhaps it's as well, in present circumstances, to name no names. There were *two*, in the first instance, you know; and the way he got out of that was beautiful; it was what I call instructive, was that. And then—why then, there was Miss Marjoribanks, you know—capital match that—just the thing for young Rider—set him up for life."

"Papa, pray—*pray* don't talk nonsense," said Miss Wodehouse, with gentle indignation. "Miss Marjoribanks is at least ten years—"

"Oh, stuff!—keep your old maidish memory to yourself, Molly; who cares for a dozen years or so? Hasn't she all the old Scotchman's practice and his savings?—and a fine woman yet—a fine woman, eh? Well, yes, I think so; and then here this little wretch of a sister-in-law. Why the doctor's taken your *rôle*, Wentworth, eh? Well, I suppose what ought to be your *rôle*, you know, though I have seen you casting glances at the strange little creature yourself."

"Indeed, I assure you, you are entirely mistaken," said Mr. Wentworth, hastily, with a sudden flush of either indignation or guilt. The curate glanced at Lucy Wodehouse, who was walking demurely by his side, but who certainly did prick up her ears at this little bit of news. She saw very well that he had looked at her, but would take no notice of his glance. But Lucy's curiosity was notably quickened, notwithstanding St. Roque's Cottage was wonderfully handy, if the perpetual curate of the pretty suburb and church saw anything worthy visiting there. Lucy drew up her pretty shoulders in her gray sister-of-mercy-cloak, and opened her blue eyes a little

wider. She was still in circumstances to defy her reverend lover, if his eyes had declined upon lower attractions than her own. She looked very straight before her with unpitying precision down the road, on which St. Roque's church and cottage were becoming already visible. The whole party were walking briskly over a path hard with frost, which made their footsteps ring. The air was still with a winterly touch, benumbed with cold, yet every sound rang sharply through that clear cloudless atmosphere, reddened without being warmed by the sun as it approached the west. It was Christmas again, and they were wending their way towards St. Roque's to assist at the holiday decorations, for which cartloads of laurel and holly had been already deposited within the church. Lucy Wodehouse was chief directress of these important operations. Her sister had accompanied her, partly to admire Lucy's work, and partly to call at the cottage and see how Nettie was going on. Mr. Wodehouse himself had come merely for the pride and pleasure of seeing how much they were indebted to his little girl; and the attendance of the curate was most easily explainable. It was, indeed, astonishing how many extremely necessary and natural "calls of duty" should bring Mr. Wentworth's path parallel to that of the Wodehouses. This is why they were all proceeding together on this particular afternoon in the week before Christmas towards St. Roque's.

In the church, when the party arrived, a little group of workers were busy. The chancel arch was already bristling with glossy holly leaves. At a little distance from the active group occupied with this pleasant work, and full of chatter and consultation, as was natural, stood one little figure pointing out to two children the wonders of that decorative art. Every one of the new-comers, except Mr. Wodehouse, recognized Nettie before she was aware of their presence. She stood with her bonnet fallen a little back as it generally was, either by encounter of the wind, or by the quantity and luxuriance of her beautiful hair, looking upwards to the point where she had directed the children's eyes. She looked a little forlorn and solitary, as ~~was natural~~, all by herself, so near that group of busy girls in the chancel—so little separated from them by age, so entirely divided by circumstances.

If a certain softening or half-tender pity shone in the curate's eye, could Lucy Wodehouse blame him? But the fact was, Lucy swept past the little Australian with a very brief salutation, and burst into sudden criticism of the work that had been done in her absence which startled her collaborators, while Mr. Wentworth followed her into the chancel with a meekness quite unusual to that young priest. Nettie noted both circumstances with a little surprise; but, not connecting them in the most distant degree with herself, turned round with a little twitch of Freddy's arm to go away, and in doing so almost walked into the arms of her older and more faithful friend. Miss Wodehouse kissed her quite suddenly, touching with her soft old cheek that rounder, fairer, youthful face, which turned, half wondering, half pleased, with the look of a child, to receive her caress. Nettie was as unconscious that Miss Wodehouse's unusual warmth was meant to make up for Lucy's careless greeting, as that Lucy had passed her with a positive flutter of resentment and indignation, and that she had been the subject of the conversation and thoughts of all the party. Miss Wodehouse turned with her, taking Freddy's other hand—a proceeding to which that hero rather demurred. They went out together to the frosty road, where the fair willow branches rustled between the church and the cottage. When they reached the porch of St. Roque's, Nettie instinctively held her breath, and stood still for a moment. Along the footpath in front of them a big figure was passing, and beyond that bearded shadow the doctor's drag flew past with all the separate tones of the horse's feet, the wheels, the jingle of the harness, ringing clear through the sharp, unsoftened medium of that frosty atmosphere. The doctor himself had all his attention concentrated upon the windows of the cottage, in which the sun was blazing red. He did not see Nettie in the church porch. He was looking for her too intently in the crimsoned windows, to which he turned his head back as he dashed on. Unawares Nettie clasped the fingers of her little companion tighter in her hand as she watched that unexpected homage. The drag was out of sight in another moment; and in a few seconds more the bell of the cottage pealed audibly, and the door was heard to open, admitting the

Bushman, who had come upon one of his frequent visits. That last sound disturbed Nettie's composure, and at the same time brought her back to herself.

"I cannot ask you to go in, for Mr. Chatham is there, and Susan of course talking to him," said Nettie, with a quiet breath of restrained impatience, "but I should like to talk to you, please. Let me take the children home, and then I will walk up with you. Mrs. Smith is very kind; she will take off their things for them; they behave better now, when I am out for a few minutes—though, to be sure, I never am out much to try them. Come, children; be good, and do not make a great noise till I come back."

"What do you want to talk to *her* for?" asked the little girl, gazing coldly in Miss Wodehouse's face.

"When Nettie went out to her, we made as much noise as we liked," said Freddy, "but there was papa there. Now there's only mamma, and she's so cross. I hate Chatham—mamma's always crosser when Chatham's there. What do you want to talk to people for, Nettie? Come in, and say there's to be toast, and let us have tea."

"We never have any tea till Nettie comes back," added his sister, looking full once more into Miss Wodehouse's face. The calm childish impertinence disconcerted that gentle woman. She gazed at the wonderful creatures with dumb amazement. Her eyes fell before their steady stare. "I should be sorry to bring you out again, dear, if it's a trouble," began Miss Wodehouse, turning her face with a sense of relief from the hard inspection of the children to their little guardian.

Nettie made no reply, but carried off her children to the cottage door, turned them peremptorily in, and issued her last orders. "If you make a noise, you shall not go," said Nettie; and then came back alert, with her rapid fairy steps, to Miss Wodehouse's side.

"Does not their mother take any charge of them?" faltered the gentle inquisitor. "I never can understand you young people, Nettie. Things were different in my days. Do you think it's quite the best thing to do other people's duties for them, dear? and now I'm so sorry—oh, so sorry—to hear what next you are going to do."

"Susan is delicate," said Nettie. "She



never had any health to speak of—I mean, she always got better you know, but never had any pleasure in it. There must be a great deal in that,” continued Nettie, reflectively; “it never comes into my head to think whether I am ill or well; but poor Susan has always had to be thinking of it. Yes, I shall have to take them away,” she added again after a pause. “I am sorry, very sorry too, Miss Wodehouse. I did not think at one time that I had the heart to do it. But, on the whole, you know, it seems so much better for them. Susan will be stronger out there, and I have not money enough to give the children a very good education. They will just have to push their way like the others; and in the colony you know, things are so different. I have no doubt in my own mind now that it will be best for them all.”

“But Nettie, Nettie, what of yourself? will it be best for you?” cried Miss Wodehouse, looking earnestly in her face.

“What is best for them will be best for me,” said Nettie, with a little impatient movement of her head. She said so with unfaltering spirit and promptitude. She had come to be impatient of the dreary maze in which she was involved. “If one must break one’s heart, it is best to do it at once and have done with it,” said Nettie, under her breath.

“What was that you said about your heart?” said Miss Wodehouse. “Ah, my dear, that is what I wanted to speak of. You are going to be married, Nettie, and I wanted to suggest to you, if you won’t be angry. Don’t you think you could make some arrangement about your sister and your family, dear?—not to say a word against the Australian gentleman, Nettie, whom, of course, I don’t know. A man may be the best of husbands, and yet not be able to put up with a whole family. I have no doubt the children are very nice clever children, but their manner is odd, you know, for such young creatures. You have been sacrificing yourself for them all this time; but remember what I say—if you want to live happily, my dear, you’ll have to sacrifice them to your husband. I could not be content without saying as much to you, Nettie. I never was half the good in this world that you are, but I am nearly twice as old—and one does pick up some little hints on the way. That is what

you must do, Nettie. Make some arrangement, dear. If he has promised to take them out with you, that is all right enough; but when you come to settle down in your new home, make some arrangement, dear.”

When Miss Wodehouse arrived breathless at the conclusion of a speech so unusually long for her, she met Nettie’s eyes flashing upon her with the utmost surprise and curiosity. “I shall never marry anybody,” said Nettie. “What do you mean?”

“Don’t say anything so foolish,” said Miss Wodehouse, a little nettled. “Do you suppose I don’t know and see *that* Mr. Chatham coming and going? How often has he been since the first time, Nettie? and do you suppose it’s all been benevolence? My dear, I know better.”

Nettie looked up with a startled glance. She did not blush, nor betray any pleasant consciousness. She cast one dismayed look back towards the cottage, and another at Miss Wodehouse. “Can *that* be why he comes?” said Nettie with quiet horror. “Indeed, I never thought of it before—but all the same, I shall never marry anybody. Do you imagine,” cried the brilliant creature, flashing round upon poor Miss Wodehouse, so as to dazzle and confuse that gentlewoman, “that a man has only to intend such a thing and it’s all settled? I think differently. Twenty thousand Chathams would not move me. I shall never marry anybody, if I live to be as old as—as you, or Methuselah, or anybody. It is not my lot. I shall take the children out to Australia, and do the best I can for them. These children want a great deal of looking after—and after awhile in Carlingford, you will all forget that there ever was such a creature as Nettie. No, I am not crying. I never cry. I should scorn to cry about it. It is simply *my business*. That is what it is. One is sorry, of course, and now and then it feels hard, and all that. But what did one come into the world for, I should like to know? Does anybody suppose it was just to be comfortable, and have one’s own way? I have had my own way a great deal—more than most people. If I get crossed in some things, I have to bear it. That is all I am going to say. I have got other things to do, Miss Wodehouse. I shall never marry anybody all my life.”

“My dear, if you are thrown upon this

Mr. Chatham for society all the time of the voyage, and have nobody else to talk to——” said the prudent interlocutor.

“Then we’ll go in another ship,” cried Nettie, promptly; “that is easily managed. I know what it is, a long voyage with these children—they fall up the cabin stairs, and they fall down the fore-castle; and they give you twenty frights in a day that they will drop overboard. One does not have much leisure for anything—not even for thinking, which is a comfort sometimes,” added Nettie, confidentially, to herself.

“It depends upon what you think of whether thinking is a comfort or not,” said good Miss Wodehouse. “When I think of you young people, and all the perplexities you get into! There is Lucy now vexed with Mr. Wentworth about something—or nothing worth mentioning; and there was poor Dr. Rider! How he did look behind him, to be sure, as he went past St. Roque’s! I dare say it was you he was looking for, Nettie. I wish you and he could have fancied each other, and come to some arrangement about poor Mr. Fred’s family—to give them so much to live on, or something. I assure you, when I begin to think over such things, and how perverse both people and circumstances are, thinking is very little comfort to me.”

Miss Wodehouse drew a long sigh, and was by no means disinclined to cry over her little companion. Though she was the taller of the two, she leant upon Nettie’s fine little fairy arm as they went up the quiet road. Already the rapid winter twilight had fallen, and before them in the distance, glimmered the lights of Carlingford—foremost among which shone conspicuous the large placid white lamp—for professional reds and blues were beneath his dignity—which mounted guard at Dr. Marjoribanks’ garden gate. Those lights, beginning to shine through the evening darkness, gave a wonderful look of home to the place. Instinctively there occurred to Nettie’s mind a vision of how it would be on the sea, with a wide dark ocean heaving around the solitary speck on its breast. It did not matter! If a silent sob arose in her heart, it found no utterance. Might not Edward Rider have made that suggestion which had occurred only to Miss Wodehouse? Why did it never come into his head that Susan and her family might

have a provision supplied for them, which would relieve Nettie? He had not thought of it, that was all. Instead of that, he had accepted the impossibility. Nettie’s heart had grown impatient in the maze of might-be’s. She turned her back upon the lights, and clasped Miss Wodehouse’s hand, and said good-night hastily. She went on by herself very rapidly along the hard gleaming road. She did not pay any attention to her friend’s protestation that she too was coming back again to St. Roque’s to join Lucy—on the contrary, Nettie peremptorily left Miss Wodehouse, shaking hands with her in so resolute a manner that her gentle adviser felt somehow a kind of necessity upon her to pursue her way home; and, only when Nettie was nearly out of sight, turned again with hesitation to retrace her steps towards St. Roque’s. Nettie, meanwhile, went on at a pace which Miss Wodehouse could not possibly have kept up with, clasping her tiny hands together with a swell of scorn and disdain unusual to it in her heart. Yes! Why did not Edward Rider propose the “arrangement” which appeared feasible enough to Miss Wodehouse? Supposing even Nettie had refused to consent to it, as she might very probably have done with indignation—still, why did it not occur to Dr. Edward? She asked herself the question with a heat and passion which she found it difficult to account for. She half despised her lover, as woman will, for obeying her—almost scorned him, as woman will, for the mere constancy which took no violent measures, but only suffered and accepted the inevitable. To submit to what cannot be helped is a woman’s part. Nettie, hastening along that familiar path, blazed into a sudden burst of rage against Edward because he submitted to it. What he could do else she was as ignorant of as any unreasonable creature could be. But that mattered little. With indignation she saw herself standing on the verge of that domestic precipice, and the doctor looking on, seeing her glide out of his reach, yet putting forth no violent sudden hand to detain her. All the impatience of her fiery nature boiled in her veins as she hastened to the cottage, where Susan was discussing her journey with her Australian visitor. No remnant of pathos or love-sicken- ing remained about Nettie, as she flashed in upon them in all her old haste and self-re-

liance—resolute to precipitate the catastrophe which nobody took any measure to prevent.

## CHAPTER XV.

It was not long before the doctor was made aware of the ghost in his troubled path. Nobody in Carlingford could meet the big Bushman in those streets, which always looked too narrow for him, without a certain curiosity about that salvage man. Dr. Rider had observed him with jealous interest on his very first appearance; but had hitherto connected no idea but that of a return to Australia, which he felt sure Nettie would never consent to with the big stranger. With such a thought he had seen him making his way towards the cottage that very evening when he himself turned back, as long as those crimsoned windows were visible, to look for Nettie, who did not show herself. The doctor was bound to see a distant patient, miles on the other side of Carlingford. As he dashed along over the echoing road he had time to imagine to himself how Nettie might at that very moment be badgered and persecuted; and when he had seen his patient and done his duty, and with the lamps lighted in the drag, and the frosty wind blowing keen on his face, and the lights of Carlingford cheering him on in the distance, was once more returning, an impatience, somewhat akin to Nettie's, suddenly came upon the doctor. Akin, yet different; for in his case it was an impulse of sensation, an inspiration of the exhilarating speed and energy of motion with which he flew through the bracing air, master of himself, his horse, and the long sweep of solitary road before him. Again it occurred to Dr. Rider to dash forward to St. Roque's and carry off Nettie, oppose it who would. The idea pleased him as he swept along in the darkness, its very impossibility making the vision sweeter. To carry her off at a stroke, in glorious defiance of circumstances, and win happiness and love, whatever might ensue. In the flush of the moment the doctor suddenly asked himself whether this, after all, were not the wisest course? Whether, whatever might come of it, happiness was not worth the encounter of the dark array of troubles behind? and whether to precipitate anything by a sudden conclusion might not be the best way of solving all the intricacies of the matter? He was still in this mood

when he arrived at his own house, where dinner, as usual, was not improved by having been ready for an hour. The lamp was not lighted when he came in, and only the cold reflection of the street lights outside, with a parti-colored gleam at the corner window from his own red and blue professional ensign at the surgery door, lighted the solitary little room, where he looked in vain even for so much as a note or letter to bring some shadow of human fellowship to his home; the fire smouldering dully, the big chair turned with a sullen back against the wall, as if nobody ever sat there,—though Nettie had once and forever appropriated it to her use,—everything in such inhuman trim and good order disgusted the doctor. He rang his bell violently for the lights and refreshments which were so slow of coming, and, throwing himself into that chair, bit his nails and stared out at the lamplight in the rapid access of thought that came upon him. The first thing that disturbed him in this was the apparition of a figure outside peering in with some anxiety at the black windows—somebody who was evidently curious to know whether the doctor had yet come home. The unhappy doctor started, and rang his bell once more with furious iteration. He knew what was coming. Somebody else, no doubt, had taken ill, without any consideration for young Rider's dinner, which, however, a man must manage to swallow even when tormented with importunate patients, and in love. But the knock of the untimely visitor sounded at the much-assailed door before Mary, sulky and resistant, had been able to arrange before the hungry doctor the half-warm, half-cold viands which his impatience would not permit to be duly "heated up;" and he had just seated himself to dispose of the unsatisfactory meal when the little groom, who was as tired as his master, opened the door for Mrs. Smith from St. Roque's. Mrs. Smith was a familiar periodical visitor at Dr. Rider's. She had not ceased to hold to that hasty and unwise financial arrangement into which the doctor was persuaded to enter when Fred's pipe had exasperated the landlady into rebellion. He had supplemented the rent at that exciting moment rather than have Nettie disturbed; and now that poor Fred's pipe was extinguished forever, the doctor still paid the imposition demanded from him—half because he had no

time to contest it, half because it was, however improper and unnecessary, a kind of pleasure to do something for Nettie, little as she knew and deeply as she would have resented it. Dr. Rider's brows cleared up at sight of Nettie's landlady. He expected some little private anecdotes of her and her ways, such as no one else could give him. He gave Mrs. Smith a chair with a benig- nity to which she had no personal claim. Her arrival made Dr. Rider's beefsteak pal- atable, though the cooking and condition of the same were, to say the least, far from per- fect. Mrs. Smith evidently was a little em- barrassed with the gracious reception she received. She twisted the corner of her shawl in her finger as if it had been that apron with which women of her class relieve their feelings. She was in a false position. She came with the worst of news to the mel- ancholy lover, and he treated her as if she brought some special message or favor from the lady of his thoughts.

"Well, Mrs. Smith, and how are you all at the cottage?" said the doctor, applying himself leisurely to his beefsteak.

"Well, doctor, nothing to brag of," said Mrs. Smith, fixing her eyes upon the fringe of her shawl. I haven't nothing to say that's pleasant, more the pity. I don't know, sir, how you'll take it when you come to hear; but it's come very hard upon me. Not for the sake of the lodgings, as'll let again fast enough, now the poor gentleman's sad fate is partly forgotten; but you know, doctor, a body gets attached-like when one set of peo- ple stays long enough to feel at home; and there aint many young ladies like Miss, if you were to search the country through. But now she's really give in to it herself, there aint no more to be said. I never could bring myself to think Miss could give in till to-night when she told me; though Smith he always said, when the stranger gentleman took to coming so constant, as he knew how it would be."

"For Heaven's sake, what do you mean?" cried Dr. Rider, pushing away his plate, and rising hurriedly from that dinner which was fated never to be eaten. Mrs. Smith shook her head and drew out her handkerchief.

"I know nothing more, doctor, but just they're going off to Australia," said the land- lady, mournfully; "and Miss has started packing the big boxes as have been in the

hattie since ever they come: they're going off back where they come from—that's all as I know."

"Impossible!" cried the doctor.

"I'd have said so myself this morning," said Mrs. Smith; "but there aint nothing impossible, doctor, as Miss takes in her head. Don't you go and rush out after her, Dr. Rider. I beg of you upon my knees, if it was my last word! I said to Smith I'd come up and tell the doctor, that he mightn't hear from nobody promiscuous as couldn't explain, and mightn't come rushing down to the cot- tage to know the rights of it and find the gentleman there unexpected. If there's one thing I'm afeard of, it's a quarrel between gentlemen in my house. So, doctor, for the love of peace, don't you go anear the cot- tage. I'll tell you everything if you listen to me."

The doctor, who had snatched up his hat and made a rapid step towards the door, came back and seized hold of his visitor's shoulder, all his beniginity having been put to flight by her unlooked-for revelation. "Look thee! I want the truth and no gos- sip! What do you mean—what gentleman? What is it all about?" cried Dr. Rider, hoarse with sudden passion.

"Oh, bless you, doctor, don't you blame it upon me, sir," cried Mrs. Smith. "It aint neither my fault nor my business, but that you've always been kind, and my heart warms to Miss. It's the gentleman from Australia as has come and come again; and being an unmarried gentleman, and Miss—you know what she is, sir—and, I ask you, candid, Dr. Rider, what was anybody to sup- pose?"

The doctor grew wildly red up to his hair. He bit his lips over some furious words which Carlingford would have been horrified to hear, and grasped Mrs. Smith's shoulder with a closer pressure. "What did she tell you?" said the doctor. "Let me have it word for word. Did she say she was going away?—did she speak of this—this—fellow?" ex- claimed the doctor, with an adjective over which charity drops a tear. "Can't you tell me, without any supposes, what did she say?"

"I'm not the woman to stand being shook—let me go this minute, sir," cried Mrs. Smith. "The Australian gentleman is a very nice-spoken civil man, as was always



very respectful to me. She came into my back parlor, doctor, if you will know so particular—all shining and flashing, like as she does when something's happened, I don't make no doubt they had been settling matters, them two, and so I told Smith. 'Mrs. Smith,' said Miss, in her hasty way, enough to catch your breath coming all of a sudden, 'I can't stand this no longer—I shall have to go away—it aint no good resisting. These were her very words, Dr. Rider. 'Get me out the big boxes, please,' said Miss. 'It's best done quietly. You must take your week's notice, Mrs. Smith, from this day;' and with that she kept moving about the room all in a flutter like, not able to rest. 'Do go and get me out those boxes; there's always a ship on the 24th,' she says, taking up my mashing and falling to work at it to keep her hands steady. 'The day afore Christmas!' says I; 'and, O Miss, it's running in the face of Providence to sail at this time of the year. You'll have dreadful weather, as sure as life.' You should have seen her, doctor! She gave a sort of smile up at me, all flashing as if those eyes of hers were the sides of a lantern, and the light bursting out both there and all over. 'All the better,' she says, as if she'd have liked to fight the very wind and sea, and have her own way even there. Bless you, she's dreadful for having her own way. A good easy gentleman now, as didn't mind much—Dr. Rider—Doctor!—you're not agoing, after all I've told you? Doctor, doctor, I say—"

But what Mrs. Smith said was inaudible to Edward Rider. The door rang in her ears as he dashed it after him, leaving her mistress of the field. There, where he had once left Nettie, he now, all-forgetful of his usual fastidious dislike of gossip, left Mrs. Smith sole occupant of his most private territories. At this unlooked-for crisis the doctor had neither a word nor a moment to spend on any one. He rushed out of the house, oblivious of all those professional necessities which limit the comings and goings of a doctor in great practice; he did not even know what he was going to do. Perhaps it was an anxious husband or father whom he all but upset as he came out, with sudden impetuosity, into the unfrequented street; but he did not stop to see. Pale and desperate, he faced the cold wind which rushed up between the blank garden-walls of Grange

Lane. At Mr. Wodehouse's door he stumbled against Cecil Wentworth coming out, and passed him with a muttered exclamation which startled the curate. All the floating momentary jealousies of the past rushed back upon the doctor's mind as he passed that tall figure in the wintry road: how he had snatched Nettie from the vague kindnesses of the young clergyman—the words he had addressed to her on this very road—the answer she had given him once, which had driven him wild with passion and resentment. Impossible! the Australian, it appeared, had found nothing impossible in those circumstances in which Nettie had entrenched herself. Had the doctor's wisdom been monstrous folly, and his prudence the blindest shortsightedness? He asked himself the question as he rushed on towards that lighted window shining far along the dark road—the same window which he had seen Nettie's shadow cross, which had been opened to light poor Fred upon the way he never could tread again. Within that jealous blind, shining in that softened domestic light, what drama, murderous to the doctor's peace, might be going on now?

## CHAPTER XVI.

NETTIE had taken her resolution all at once. Breathless in sudden conviction, angry, heated, yet seeing in the midst of her excitement no help but in immediate action, the hasty little woman had darted into the heart of the difficulty at once. Every moment she lingered wore her out and disgusted her more with the life and fate which, nevertheless, it was impossible to abandon or shrink from. Nothing was so safe as to make matters irrevocable—to plunge over the verge at once. All gleaming with resolve and animation—with the frosty, chill, exhilarating air which had kindled the color in her cheeks and the light in her eyes—with haste, resentment, every feeling that can quicken the heart and make the pulse leap—Nettie had flashed into the little parlor, where all was so quiet and leisurely. There Susan sat in close confabulation with the Bushman. The children had been banished out of the room, because their mother's head was not equal to their noise and restlessness. When they came in with Nettie, as was inevitable, Mrs. Fred sustained the invasion with fretful looks and a



certain peevish abstraction. She was evidently interrupted by the rapid entrance, which was as unwelcome as it was hasty. Cold though the night was, Mrs. Fred, leaning back upon her sofa, fanned her pink cheeks with her handkerchief, and looked annoyed as well as disturbed when her children came trooping into the room clamorous for tea behind the little impetuous figure which at once hushed and protected them. Susan became silent all at once, sank back on the sofa, and concealed the faded flush upon her cheeks and the embarrassed consciousness air she wore behind the handkerchief which she used so assiduously. Neither she nor her visitor took much share in the conversation that rose round the domestic table. Nettie, too, was sufficiently absorbed in her own concerns to say little, and nobody there was sufficiently observant to remark what a sudden breath of haste and nervous decision inspired the little household ruler as she dispensed the family bread and butter. When tea was over, Nettie sent her children out of the way with peremptory distinctness, and stayed behind them to make her communication. If she noticed vaguely a certain confused impatience and desire to get rid of her in the looks of her sister and the Australian she attached no distinct meaning to it, but spoke out with all the simplicity of an independent power, knowing all authority and executive force to lie in her own hands alone.

"When do you think you can be ready to start? My mind is made up. I shall set to work immediately to prepare," said Nettie. "Now, look here, Susan: you have been thinking of it for months, so it is not like taking you by surprise. There is a ship that sails on the 24th. If everything is packed and ready, will you consent to go on that day?"

Mrs. Fred started with unfeigned surprise, and, not without a little consternation, turned her eyes towards her friend before answering her sister. "It is just Nettie's way," cried Susan, "just how she always does—holds out against you to the very last, and then turns round and darts off before you can draw your breath. The twenty-fourth! and this is the nineteenth! Of course we can't do it, Nettie. I shall want quantities of things, and Mr. Chatham, you know, is not used to your ways, and can't be whisked off in a minute whenever you please."

"I dare say it's very kind of Mr. Chatham," said Nettie; "but I can take you out very well by myself—just as well as I brought you here. And I can't afford to get you quantities of things, Susan. So please to understand I am going off to pack up, and on the 24th we shall go."

Once more, under Nettie's impatient eyes, a look and a smile passed between her sister and the Australian. Never very patient at any time, the girl was entirely aggravated out of all toleration now.

"I can't tell what you may have to smile to each other about," said Nettie. "It is no very smiling business to me. But since I am driven to it, I shall go at once or not at all. And so that you understand me, that is all I want to say."

With which words she disappeared suddenly to the multitudinous work that lay before her, thinking as little of Susan's opposition as of the clamor raised by the children, when the hard sentence of going half an hour earlier to bed was pronounced upon them. Nettie's haste and peremptoriness were mixed, if it must be told, with a little resentment against the world in general. She had ceased being sad—she was roused and indignant. By the time she had subdued the refractory children, and disposed of them for the night, those vast Australian boxes, which they had brought with them across the seas, were placed in the little hall, under the pale light of the lamp, ready for the process of packing, into which Nettie plunged without a moment's interval. While Mrs. Smith told Edward Rider her story, Nettie was flying up and down stairs with armfuls of things to be packed, and pressing Smith himself into her service. Ere long the hall was piled with heaps of personal property, ready to be transferred to those big receptacles. In the excitement of the work her spirit rose. The headlong haste with which she carried on her operations kept her mind in balance. Once or twice Susan peeped out from the parlor door, and something like an echo of laughter rang out into the hall after one of those inspections. Nettie took no notice either of the look or the laugh. She built in those piles of baggage with the rapidest symmetrical arrangement, to the admiration of Smith, who stood wondering by, and did what he could to help her, with troubled

good-nature. She did not stop to make any sentimental reflections, or to think of the thankless office to which she was about to confirm herself beyond remedy by this sudden and precipitate step. Thinking had done Nettie little good hitherto. She felt herself on her true ground again, when she took to doing instead. The lamp burned dimly overhead, throwing down a light confused with frost upon the hall, all encumbered with the goods of the wandering family. Perhaps it was with a certain unconscious symbolism that Nettie buried her own personal wardrobe deep in the lowest depths, making that the foundation for all the after superstructure. Smith stood by, ready to hand her anything she might want, gazing at her with doubtful amazement. The idea of setting off to Australia at a few days' notice filled him with respect and admiration.

"A matter of a three months' voyage," said Smith; "and if I might make bold to ask, Miss, if the weather aint too bad for anything, how will you pass away the time on board ship when there aint nobody to speak to? but, to be sure, the gentleman—"

"The gentleman is not going with us," said Nettie, peremptorily—"and there's the children to pass away the time. My time passes too quick, whatever other people's may do. Where is Mrs. Smith, that I see nothing of her to-night? Gone out? how very odd she should go out now, of all times in the world. Where has she gone, do you suppose? Not to be ungrateful to you, who are very kind, a woman is, of course, twenty times the use a man is, in most things. Thank you—not that; those colored frocks now—there! that bundle with the pink and the blue. One would suppose that even a man might know colored frocks when he saw them," said Nettie, with despairing resignation, springing up from her knees to seize what she wanted. "Thank you—I think, perhaps, if you would just go and make yourself comfortable, and read your paper, I should get on better. I am not used to having anybody to help me. I get on quite as well, thank you, by myself."

Smith withdrew, not without some confusion and discomfort, to his condemned cell, and Nettie went on silent and swift with her labors. "Quite as well! better!" said Nettie to herself. "Other people never

will understand. Now, I know better than to try anybody." If that hasty breath was a sigh, there was little sound of sorrow in it. It was a little gust of impatience, indignation, intolerance even, and hasty self-assertion. She alone knew what she could do, and must do. Not one other soul in the world beside could enter into her inevitable work and way.

Nettie did not hear the footstep which she might have recognized ringing rapidly down the frosty road. She was too busy rustling about with perpetual motion, folding and refolding, and smoothing into miraculous compactness all the heterogeneous elements of that mass. When a sudden knock came to the door she started, struck with alarm, then paused a moment, looking round her, and, perceiving at one hasty glance that nobody could possibly enter without seeing both herself and her occupation, made one prompt step to the door, which nobody appeared to open. It was Mrs. Smith, no doubt; but the sudden breathless flutter which came upon Nettie cast doubts upon that rapid conclusion. She opened it quickly, with a certain breathless, sudden promptitude, and looked out pale and dauntless, understanding by instinct that some new trial to her fortune was there. On the other hand, Edward Rider pressed in suddenly, almost without perceiving it was Nettie. They were both standing in the hall together, before they fully recognized each other. Then the doctor, gazing round him at the unusual confusion, gave an involuntary groan out of the depths of his heart. "Then it is true!" said Dr. Rider. He stood among the chaos, and saw all his own dreams broken up and shattered in pieces. Even passion failed him in that first bitterness of conviction. Nettie stood opposite, with the sleeves of her black dress turned up from her little white nimble wrists, her hair pushed back from her cheeks, pushed quite behind one delicate ear, her eyes shining with all those lights of energy and purpose which came to them as soon as she took up her own character again. She met his eye with a little air of defiance, involuntary, and almost unconscious. "It is quite true," said Nettie, bursting forth in sudden self justification; "I have my work to do, and I must do it as best I can. I cannot keep considering you all, and losing

my life. I must do what God has given me to do, or I must die."

Never had Nettie been so near breaking down, and falling into sudden womanish tears and despair. She would not yield to the overpowering momentary passion. She clutched at the bundle of frocks again, and made room for them spasmodically in the box which she had already packed. Edward Rider stood silent, gazing at her as in her sudden anguish Nettie pulled down and reconstructed that curious honeycomb. But he had not come here merely to gaze, while the catastrophe was preparing. He went up and seized her busy hands, raised her up in spite of her resistance, and thrust away, with an exclamation of disgust, that great box, in which all his hopes were being packed away. "There is first a question to settle between you and me," cried the doctor; "you shall not do it. No! I forbid it, Nettie. Because you are wilful," cried Edward Rider, hoarse and violent, grasping the hands tighter, with a strain in which other passions than love mingled, "am I to give up all the rights of a man? You are going away without ever giving me just warning—without a word, without a sign; and you think I will permit it, Nettie? Never—by Heaven!"

"Dr. Edward," said Nettie, trembling, half with terror, half with resolution, "you have no authority over me. We are two people—we are not one. I should not have gone away without a word or a sign. I should have said good-by to you, whatever had happened; but that is different from permitting or forbidding. Let us say good-by now, and get it over, if that will please you better," she cried, drawing her hands from his grasp; "but I do not interfere with your business, and I must do mine my own way."

The doctor was in no mood to argue. He thrust the big box she had packed away into a corner, and closed it with a vindictive clang. It gave him a little room to move in that little commonplace hall, with its dim lamp, which had witnessed so many of the most memorable scenes of his life. "Look here," cried Dr. Rider; "authority has little to do with it. If you had been my wife, Nettie, to be sure you could not have deserted me. It is as great cruelty; it is as hard upon me, this you are trying to do. I

have submitted hitherto, and Heaven knows it has been bitter enough; and you scorn me for my submission," said the doctor making the discovery by instinct. "When a fellow obeys you, it is only contempt you feel for him; but I tell you, Nettie, I will bear it no longer. You shall not go away. This is not to be. I will neither say good-by, nor think of it. What is your business is my business; and I declare to you, you shall not go unless I go too. Ah—I forgot. They tell me there is a fellow, an Australian, who ventures to pretend. I don't mean to say I believe it. You think he will not object to your burdens! Nettie! Don't let us kill each other. Let us take all the world on our shoulders," cried the doctor, drawing near again, with passionate looks, "rather than part!"

There was a pause—neither of them could speak at that moment. Nettie, who felt her resolution going, her heart melting, yet knew she dared not give way, clasped her hands tight in each other and stood trembling, yet refusing to tremble; collecting her voice and thoughts. The doctor occupied that moment of suspense in a way which might have looked ludicrous in other circumstances, but was a relief to the passion that possessed him. He dragged the other vast Australian box to the same corner where he had set the first, and piled them one above the other. Then he collected with awkward care all the heaps of garments which lay about, and carried them off in the other direction to the stairs, where he laid them carefully with a clumsy tenderness. When he had swept away all these encumbrances, as by a sudden gust of wind, he came back to Nettie, and once more clasped the firm hands which held each other fast. She broke away from him with a sudden cry,—

"You acknowledged it was impossible!" cried Nettie. "It is not my doing, or anybody's; no one shall take the world on his shoulders for my sake—I ask nobody to bear my burdens. Thank you for not believing it—that is a comfort at least. Never, surely, any one else—and not you, not you! Dr. Edward, let us make an end of it. I will never consent to put my yoke upon your shoulders, but I—I will never forget you or blame you any more. It is all hard, but we cannot help it. Good-by—don't make it

burden you, who are the only one that—good-by—no more—don't say any more."

At this moment the parlor-door opened suddenly—Nettie's trembling mouth and frame, and the wild protest and contradiction which were bursting from the lips of the doctor, were lost upon the spectator absorbed in her own affairs, and full of excitement on her own account, who looked out. "Perhaps Mr. Edward will walk in," said Mrs. Fred. "Now he is here to witness what I mean, I should like to speak to you, please, Nettie. I did not think I should ever appeal to you, Mr. Edward, against Nettie's wilfulness—but, really now, we, none of us, can put up with it any longer. Please to walk in and hear what I've got to say."

The big Bushman stood before the little fire in the parlor, extinguishing its tiny glow with his vast shadow. The lamp burned dimly upon the table. A certain air of confusion was in the room. Perhaps it was because Nettie had already swept her own particular belongings out of that apartment, which once to the doctor's eyes, had breathed of her presence in every corner—but it did not look like Nettie's parlor to-night. Mrs. Fred, with the broad white bands of her cap streaming over her black dress, had just assumed her place on the sofa, which was her domestic throne. Nettie, much startled and taken by surprise, stood by the table, waiting with a certain air of wondering impatience what was to be said to her—with still the sleeves turned up from her tiny wrists, and her fingers unconsciously busy expressing her restless intolerance of this delay by a hundred involuntary tricks and movements. The doctor stood close by her, looking only at Nettie, watching her with eyes intent as if she might suddenly disappear from under his very gaze. As for the Australian, he stood uneasy under Nettie's rapid, investigating glance, and the slower survey which Dr. Rider made on entering. He plucked at his big beard, and spread out his large person with a confusion and embarrassment rather more than merely belonged to the stranger in a family party; while Mrs. Fred, upon her sofa, took up her handkerchief and once more began to fan her pink cheeks. What was coming? After a moment's pause, upon which Nettie could

scarcely keep herself from breaking, Susan spoke.

"Nettie has always had the upper hand so much that she thinks I am always to do exactly as she pleases," burst forth Mrs. Fred; "and I don't doubt poor Fred encouraged her in it, because he felt he was obliged to my family, and always gave in to her; but now I have somebody to stand by me," added Susan, fanning still more violently, and with a sound in her voice which betrayed a possibility of tears—"now I have somebody to stand by me—I tell you once for all, Nettie, I will not go on the 24th."

Nettie gazed at her sister in silence, without attempting to say anything. Then she lifted her eyes inquiringly to the Australian, in his uneasy spectator position before the fire. She was not much discomposed, evidently, by that sudden assertion of will,—possibly Nettie was used to it,—but she looked curious and roused, and rather eager to know what was it now?

"I will not go on the 24th," cried Mrs. Fred, with an hysterical toss of her head. "I will not be treated like a child and told to get ready whenever Nettie pleases. She pretends it is all for our sake, but it is for the sake of having her own will, and because she has taken a sudden disgust at something. I asked you in, Mr. Edward, because you are her friend, and because you are the children's uncle, and ought to know how they are provided for. Mr. Chatham and I," said Susan, overcome by her feelings, and agitating the handkerchief violently, "have settled—to be—married first before we set out."

If a shell had fallen in the peaceful apartment, the effect could not have been more startling. The two who had been called in to receive that intimation, and who up to this moment had been standing together listening languidly enough, too much absorbed in the matter between themselves to be very deeply concerned about anything Mrs. Fred could say or do, fell suddenly apart with the wildest amazement in their looks. "Susan, you are mad!" cried Nettie, gazing aghast at her sister, with an air of mingled astonishment and incredulity. The doctor, too much excited to receive with ordinary decorum information so important, made a sudden step up to the big embarrassed Aus-



tralian, who stood before the fire gazing into vacancy, and looking the very embodiment of conscious awkwardness. Dr. Rider stretched out both his hands and grasped the gigantic fist of the Bushman with an effusion which took that worthy altogether by surprise. "My dear fellow, I wish you joy—I wish you joy. Anything I can be of use to you in, command me!" cried the doctor, with a suppressed shout of half-incredulous triumph. Then he returned restlessly towards Nettie—they all turned to her with instinctive curiosity. Never in all her troubles had Nettie been so pale; she looked in her sister's face with a kind of despair.

"Is this true, Susan?" she said, with a sorrowful wonder as different as possible from the doctor's joyful surprise—"not something said to vex us—really true? And this has been going on, and I knew nothing of it; and all this time you have been urging me to go back to the colony—*me*—as if you had no other thoughts. If you had made up your mind to this, what was the use of driving me desperate?" cried Nettie, in a sudden outburst of that uncomprehension which aches in generous hearts. Then she stopped suddenly and looked from her sister, uttering suppressed sobs, and hiding her face in her handkerchief on the sofa, to the Australian before the fire. "What is the good of talking?" said Nettie, with a certain indignant impatient indulgence, coming to an abrupt conclusion. Nobody knew so well as she did how utterly useless it was to remonstrate or complain. She dropped into the nearest chair, and began with hasty, tremulous hands to smooth down the cuffs of her black sleeves. In the bitterness of the moment it was not the sudden deliverance, but the heartlessness and domestic treachery that struck Nettie. She, the champion and defender of this helpless family for years—who had given them bread, and served it to them with her own cheerful, unwearied hands—who had protected as well as provided for them in her dauntless innocence and youth. When she was thus cast off on the brink of the costliest sacrifice of all, it was not the delightful sensation of freedom which occurred to Nettie. She fell back with a silent pang of injury swelling in her heart, and, all tremulous and hasty, gave her agitated attention to the simple act of smoothing down her sleeves—a simple but symbol-

ical act, which conveyed a world of meaning to the mind of the doctor as he stood watching her. The work she had meant to do was over. Nettie's occupation was gone. With the next act of the domestic drama she had nothing to do. For the first time in her life utterly vanquished, with silent promptitude she abdicated on the instant. She seemed unable to strike a blow for the leadership thus snatched from her hands. With proud surprise and magnanimity she withdrew, forbearing even the useless reproaches of which she had impatiently asked, "What was the good?" Never abdicated emperor laid aside his robes with more ominous significance, than Nettie, with fingers trembling between haste and agitation smoothed down round her shapely wrists those turned-up sleeves.

The doctor's better genius saved him from driving the indignant Titania desperate at that critical moment by any ill-advised rejoicings; and the sight of Nettie's agitation so far calmed Dr. Rider that he made the most sober and decorous congratulations to the sister-in-law, whom for the first time he felt grateful to. Perhaps, had he been less absorbed in his own affairs, he could scarcely have failed to remember how, not yet a year ago, the shabby form of Fred lay on that same sofa from which Susan had announced her new prospects; but in this unexampled revolution of affairs no thought of Fred disturbed his brother, whose mind was thoroughly occupied with the sudden tumult of his own hopes. "Oh, yes, I hope I shall be happy at last. After all my troubles, I have to look to myself, Mr. Edward; and your poor brother would have been the last to blame me," sobbed Mrs. Fred, with involuntary self-vindication. Then followed a pause. The change was too sudden and extraordinary, and involved results too deeply important to every individual present, to make words possible. Mrs. Fred, with her face buried in her handkerchief, and Nettie, her whole frame thrilling with mortification and failure, tremulously trying to button her sleeves, and bestowing her whole mind upon that operation, were discouraging interlocutors; and after the doctor and the Bushman had shaken hands, their powers of communication were exhausted. The silence was at length broken by the Australian, who, clearing his voice between every three words,



delivered his embarrassed sentiments as follows :—

"I trust, Miss Nettie, you'll not think you've been unfairly dealt by, or that any change is necessary so far as you are concerned. Of course," said Mr. Chatham, growing red, and plucking at his beard, "neither your sister nor I—found out—till quite lately—how things were going to be; and as for you making any change in consequence, or thinking we could be anything but glad to have you with us—"

Here the alarming countenance of Nettie, who had left off buttoning her sleeves, brought her new relation to a sudden stop. Under the blaze of her inquiring eyes the Bushman could go no farther. He looked at Susan for assistance, but Susan was still absorbed in her handkerchief; and while he pained for expression, the little abdicated monarch took up the broken thread.

"Thank you," said Nettie, rising suddenly; "I knew you were honest. It is very good of you, too, to be glad to have me with you. You don't know any better. I'm abdicated, Mr. Chatham; but because it's rather startling to have one's business taken out of one's hands like this, it will be very kind of everybody not to say anything more to-night. I don't quite understand it all just at this moment. Good-night, Dr. Edward. We can talk to-morrow, please; not to-night. You surely understand me, don't you? When one's life is changed all in a moment, one does not exactly see where one is standing just at once. Good-night. I mean what I say," she continued, holding her head high with restrained excitement, and trying to conceal the nervous agitation which possessed her as the doctor hastened before her to open the door. "Don't come after me, please; don't say anything: I cannot bear any more to-night."

"But to-morrow," said the doctor, holding fast the trembling hand. Nettie was too much overstrained and excited to speak more. A single sudden sob burst from her as she drew her hand out of his, and disappeared like a flying sprite. The doctor saw the heaving of her breast, the height of self-restraint which could go no further. He went back into the parlor like a true lover, and spied no more upon Nettie's hour of weakness. Without her, it looked a vulgar scene enough in that little sitting-room, from

which the smoke of Fred's pipe had never fairly disappeared, and where Fred himself had lain in dismal state. Dr. Rider said a hasty good-night to Fred's successor, and went off hurriedly into the changed world which surrounded that unconscious cottage. Though the frost had not relaxed, and the air breathed no balm, no sudden leap from December to June could have changed the atmosphere so entirely to the excited wayfarer who traced back the joyful path towards the lights of Carlingford twinkling brilliant through the Christmas frost. As he paused to look back upon that house which now contained all his hopes, a sudden shadow appeared at a lighted window, looking out. Nettie could not see the owner of the footsteps that moved her to that sudden involuntary expression of what was in her thoughts, but he could see her standing full in the light, and the sight went to the doctor's heart. He took off his hat insanely in the darkness and waved his hand to her, though she could not see him; and, after the shadow had disappeared, continued to stand watching with tender folly if perhaps some indication of Nettie's presence might again reveal itself. He walked upon air as he went back, at last, cold but joyful, through the blank solitude of Grange Lane. Nothing could have come amiss to the doctor in that dawn of happiness. He could have found it in his heart to mount his drag again and drive ten miles in celestial patience at the call of any capricious invalid. He was half disappointed to find no summons awaiting him when he went home—no outlet for the universal charity and loving-kindness that possessed him. Instead, he set his easy-chair tenderly by the side of the blazing fire, and, drawing another chair opposite, gazed with sweet smiles at the visionary Nettie, who once had taken up her position there. Was it by prophetic instinct that the little colonial girl, whose first appearance so discomposed the doctor, had assumed that place? Dr. Rider contemplated the empty chair with smiles that would have compromised his character for sanity with any uninstructed observer. When the mournful Mary disturbed his reverie by her noiseless and penitent entrance with the little supper which she meant at once for a peace-offering and compensation for the dinner lost, she carried down-stairs with her a vivid im-

pression that somebody had left her master a fortune. Under such beatific circumstances closed the evening that had opened amid such clouds. Henceforth, so far as the doctor could read the future, no difficulties but those common to all woovers beset the course of his true love.

## CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN the red gleams of the early sunshine shone into that window from which Nettie had looked out last night, the wintry light came in with agitating revelations not simply upon another morning, but upon a new world. As usual, Nettie's thoughts were expressed in things tangible. She had risen from her sleepless bed while it was still almost dark, and to look at her now, a stranger might have supposed her to be proceeding with her last night's work with the constancy of a monomaniac. Little Freddy sat up in his crib rubbing his eyes and marvelling what Nettie could be about, as indeed everybody might have marvelled. With all those boxes and drawers about, and heaps of personal belongings, what was she going to do? She could not have answered the question without pain; but had you waited long enough, Nettie's object would have been apparent. Not entirely free of that air of agitated haste—not recovered of the excitement of this discovery, she was relieving her restless activity by a significant re-arrangement of all the possessions of the family. She was separating with rapid fingers those stores which had hitherto lain lovingly together common property. For the first time for years Nettie had set herself to discriminate what belonged to herself from the general store; and, perhaps by way of softening that disjunction, was separating into harmonious order the little wardrobes which were no longer to be under her charge. Freddy opened his eyes to see all his own special belongings, articles which he recognized with all the tenacious proprietorship of childhood, going into one little box by themselves in dreadful isolation. The child did not know what horrible sentence might have been passed upon him while he slept. He gazed at those swift, inexorable fingers with a gradual sob rising in his poor little breast. That silent tempest heaved and rose as he saw all the well-known items following each

other; and when his last new acquisition, the latest addition to his wardrobe, lay solemnly smoothed down upon the top, Freddy's patience could bear no more. Bursting into a long howl of affliction, he called aloud upon Nettie to explain that mystery. Was he going to be sent away? Was some mysterious executioner, black man, or other horrid vision of fate, coming for the victim? Freddy's appeal roused from her work the abdicated family sovereign. "If I'm to be sent away, I sha'n't go!" cried Freddy. "I'll run off, and come back again. I sha'n't, go anywhere unless you go, Nettie. I'll hold on so fast, you can't put me away; and, oh, I'll be good!—I'll be so good!" Nettie, who was not much given to caresses, came up and put sudden arms round her special nursling. She laid her cheek to his, with a little outbreak of natural emotion. "It is I who am to be sent away!" cried Nettie, yielding for a moment to the natural bitterness. Then she bethought herself of certain thoughts of comfort which had not failed to interject themselves into her heart, and withdrew with a little precipitation, alarmed by the inconsistency—the insincerity of her feelings. "Get up, Freddy; you are not going away, except home to the colony, where you want to go," she said. "Be good, all the same; for you know you must not trouble mamma. And make haste, and don't be always calling for Nettie. Don't you know you must do without Nettie some time? Jump up, and be a man."

"When I am a man, I sha'n't want you," said Freddy, getting up with reluctance; "but I can't be a man now. And what am I to do with the buttons if you won't help me? I shall not have buttons like those when I am a man."

It was not in human nature to refrain from giving the little savage an admonitory shake. "That is all I am good for—nothing but buttons!" said Nettie, with whimsical mortification. When they went down to breakfast, she sent the child before her, and came last instead of first, waiting till they were all assembled. Mrs. Fred watched her advent with apprehensive eyes. Thinking it over after her first triumph, it occurred to Mrs. Fred that the loss of Nettie would make a serious difference to her own comfort. Who was to take charge of the children, and conduct those vulgar affairs for which Susan's

feelings disqualified her? She did her best to decipher the pale face which appeared over the breakfast cups and saucers opposite. What did Nettie mean to do? Susan revolved the question in considerable panic, seeing but too clearly that the firm little hand no longer trembled, and that Nettie was absorbed by her own thoughts—thoughts with which her present companions had but little to do. Mrs. Fred essayed another stroke.

"Perhaps I was hasty, Nettie, last night; but Richard, you know, poor fellow," said Susan, "was not to be put off. It won't make any difference between you and me, Nettie dear? We have always been so united, whatever has happened; and the children are so fond of you; and as for me," said Mrs. Fred, putting back the strings of her cap, and passing her handkerchief upon her eyes, "with my health, and after all I have gone through, how I could ever exist without you, I can't tell; and Richard will be so pleased."

"I don't want to hear anything about Richard, please," said Nettie—"not so far as I am concerned. I should have taken you out, and taken care of you, had you chosen me; but you can't have two people, you know. One is enough for anybody. Never mind what we are talking about, Freddy. It is only your buttons—nothing else. As long as you were my business, I should have scorned to complain," said Nettie, with a little quiver of her lip. "Nothing would have made me forsake you, or leave you to yourself; but now you are somebody else's business; and to speak of it making no difference, and Richard being pleased, and so forth, as if I had nothing else to do in the world, and wanted to go back to the colony! It is simply not my business any longer," cried Nettie, rising impatiently from her chair—"that is all that can be said. But I sha'n't desert you till I deliver you over to my successor, Susan—don't fear."

"Then you don't feel any love for us, Nettie! It was only because you could not help it. Children, Nettie is going to leave us," said Mrs. Fred, in a lamentable voice.

"Then who is to be instead of Nettie? Oh, look here—I know—it's Chatham," said the little girl.

"I hate Chatham," said Freddy, with a little shriek. "I shall go where Nettie goes

—all my things are in my box. Nettie is going to take me; she loves me best of you all. I'll kick Chatham if he touches me."

"Why can't some one tell Nettie she's to go too?" said the eldest boy. "She's most good of all. What does Nettie want to go away for? But I don't mind; for we have to do what Nettie tells us, and nobody cares for Chatham," cried the sweet child, making a triumphant somersault out of his chair. Nettie stood looking on, without attempting to stop the tumult that arose. She left them with their mother, after a few minutes, and went out to breathe the outside air, where at least there were quiet and freedom. To think, as she went out into the red morning sunshine, that her old life was over, made Nettie's head swim with bewildering giddiness. She went up softly, like a creature in a dream, past St. Roque's, where already the Christmas decorators had begun their pretty work—that work which, several ages ago, being yesterday, Nettie had taken the children in to see. Of all things that had happened between that moment and this, perhaps this impulse of escaping out into the open air without anything to do, was one of the most miraculous. Insensibly Nettie's footstep quickened as she became aware of that extraordinary fact. The hour, the temperature, the customs of her life, were equally against such an indulgence. It was a comfort to recollect that, though everything else in the universe was altered, the family must still have some dinner, and that it was as easy to think while walking to the butcher's as while idling and doing nothing. She went up, accordingly, towards Grange Lane, in a kind of wistful solitude, drifted apart from her former life, and not yet definitely attached to any other, feeling as though the few passengers she met must perceive in her face that her whole fortune was changed. It was hard for Nettie to realize that she could do absolutely nothing at this moment, and still harder for her to think that her fate lay undecided in Edward Rider's hands. Though she had not a doubt of him, yet the mere fact that it was he who must take the first step was somewhat galling to the pride and temper of the little autocrat. Before she had reached the butcher, or even come near enough to recognize Lucy Wodehouse where she stood at the garden-gate, setting out for St. Roque's, Nettie heard the headlong wheels of something

approaching which had not yet come in sight. She wound herself up in a kind of nervous desperation for the encounter that was coming. No need to warn her who it was. Nobody but the doctor flying upon wings of haste and love could drive in that break-neck fashion down the respectable streets of Carlingford. Here he came sweeping round that corner at the George, where Nettie herself had once mounted the drag, and plunged down Grange Lane in a maze of speed which confused horse, vehicle, and driver in one indistinct gleaming circle to the excited eyes of the spectator, who forced herself to go on, facing them with an exertion of all her powers, and strenuous resistance of the impulse to turn and escape. Why should Nettie escape?—it must be decided one way or other. She held on dimly, with rapid trembling steps. To her own agitated mind, Nettie herself, left adrift and companionless, seemed the suitor. The only remnants of her natural force that remained to her united in the one resolution not to run away.

It was well for the doctor that his little groom had the eyes and activity of a monkey, and knew the exact moment at which to dart forward and catch the reins which his master flung at him, almost without pausing in his perilous career. The doctor made a leap out of the drag, which was more like that of a mad adventurer than a man whose business it was to keep other people's limbs in due repair. Before Nettie was aware that he had stopped, he was by her side.

"Dr. Edward," she exclaimed, breathlessly, "hear me first! Now I am left unrestrained, but I am not without resources. Don't think you are bound in honor to say anything over again. What may have gone before I forget now. I will not hold you to your word. You are not to have pity upon me!" cried Nettie, not well aware what she was saying. The doctor drew her arm into his; found out, sorely against her will, that she was trembling, and held her fast, not without a sympathetic tremor in the arm on which she was constrained to lean.

"But I hold you to yours!" said the doctor; "there has not been any obstacle between us for months but this; and now it is gone, do you think I will forget what you have said, Nettie? You told me it was impossible once——"

"And you did not contradict me, Dr. Ed-

ward," said the wilful creature, withdrawing her hand from his arm. "I can walk very well by myself, thank you. You did not contradict me! You were content to submit to what could not be helped. And so am I. An obstacle which is only removed by Richard Chatham," said Nettie, with female cruelty, turning her eyes full and suddenly upon her unhappy lover, "does not count for much. I do not hold you to anything. We are both free."

What dismayed answer the doctor might have made to this heartless speech can never be known. He was so entirely taken aback that he paused, clearing his throat with but one amazed exclamation of her name; but before his astonishment and indignation had shaped itself into words, their interview was interrupted. An irregular patter of hasty little steps, and outcries of a childish voice behind, had not caught the attention of either in that moment of excitement; but just as Nettie delivered this cruel outbreak of feminine pride and self-assertion, the little pursuing figure made up to them, and plunged at her dress. Freddy, in primitive unconcern for anybody but himself, rushed foremost between these two at the critical instant. He made a clutch at Nettie with one hand, and with all the force of the other thrust away the astonished doctor. Freddy's errand was of life or death.

"I shan't go with any one but Nettie," cried the child, clinging to her dress. "I hate Chatham and everybody. I will jump into the sea and swim back again. I will never, never leave go of her if you should cut my hands off. Nettie! Nettie!—take me with you. Let me go where you are going! I will never be naughty any more! I will never, never go away till Nettie goes. I love Nettie best! Go away, all of you!" cried Freddy, in desperation, pushing off the doctor with hands and feet alike. "I will stay with Nettie. Nobody loves Nettie but me."

Nettie had no power left to resist this new assault. She dropped down on one knee beside the child, and clasped him to her in a passion of restrained tears and sobbing. The emotion which her pride would not permit her to show before, the gathering agitation of the whole morning, broke forth at this irresistible touch. She held Freddy close and supported herself by him, leaning all her



troubled heart and trembling frame upon the little figure which clung to her bewildered, suddenly growing silent and afraid in that passionate grasp. Freddy spoke no more, but turned his frightened eyes upon the doctor, trembling with the great throbs of Nettie's breast. In the early wintry sunshine, on the quiet rural high-road, that climax of the gathering emotion of years befell Nettie. She could exercise no further self-control. She could only hide her face, that no one might see, and close her quivering lips tight that no one might hear the bursting forth of her heart. No one was there either to hear or see—nobody but Edward Rider, who stood bending with sorrowful tenderness over the wilful fairy creature, whose words of defiance had scarcely died from her lips. It was Freddy, and not the doctor, who had vanquished Nettie; but the insulted lover came in for his revenge. Dr. Rider raised her up quietly, asking no leave, and lifted her into the drag, where Nettie had been before, and where Freddy, elated and joyful, took his place beside the groom, convinced that he was to go now with the only true guardian his little life had known. The doctor drove down that familiar road as slowly as he had dashed furiously up to it. He took quiet possession of the agitated trembling creature who had carried her empire over herself too far. At last Nettie had broken down; and now he had it all his own way.

When they came to the cottage, Mrs. Fred, whom excitement had raised to a troublesome activity, came eagerly out to the door to see what had happened; and the two children, who, emancipated from all control, were sliding down the banisters of the stair, one after the other, in wild glee and recklessness, paused in their dangerous amusement to watch the new arrival. "Oh! look here; Nettie's crying!" said one to the other, with calm observation. The words brought Nettie to herself.

"I am not crying now," she said, waking into sudden strength. "Do you want them to get killed before they go away, all you people? Susan, go in, and never mind. I was not—not quite well out of doors; but I don't mean to suffer this, you know, as long as I am beside them. Dr. Edward, come in. I have something to say to you. We have nowhere to speak to each other but here," said Nettie, pausing in the little hall, from

which that childish tumult had died away in sudden awe of her presence; "but we have spoken to each other here before now. I did not mean to vex you then—at least, I did mean to vex you, but nothing more." Here she paused with a sob, the echo of her past trouble breaking upon her words, as happened from time to time, like the passion of a child; then burst forth again a moment after in a sudden question. "Will you let me have Freddy?" she cried, surrendering at discretion, and looking eagerly up in the doctor's face; "if they will leave him, may I keep him with me?"

It is unnecessary to record the doctor's answer. He would have swallowed not Freddy only, but Mrs. Fred and the entire family, had that gulp been needful to satisfy Nettie, but was not sufficiently blinded to his own interests to grant this except under certain conditions satisfactory to himself. When the doctor mounted the drag again he drove away into Elysium, with a smiling Cupid behind him, instead of the little groom who had been his unconscious master's confidant so long, and had watched the fluctuations of his wooing with such lively curiosity. Those patients who had paid for Dr. Rider's disappointments in many a violent prescription, got compensation to-day in honeyed draughts and hopeful prognostications. Wherever the doctor went he saw a vision of that little drooping head, reposing, after all the agitation of the morning, in the silence and rest he had enjoined, with brilliant eyes half-veiled, shining with thoughts in which he had the greatest share; and, with that picture before his eyes, went flashing along the wintry road with secret smiles, and carried hope wherever he went. Of course it was the merest fallacy so far as Nettie's immediate occupation was concerned. That restless little woman had twenty times too much to do to think of rest—more to do than ever in all the suddenly changed preparations which fell upon her busy hands. But the doctor kept his imagination all the same, and pleased himself with thoughts of her reposing in a visionary tranquillity, which, wherever it was to be found, certainly did not exist in St. Roque's Cottage, in that sudden tumult of new events and hopes.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"I ALWAYS thought there was good in him by his looks," said Miss Wodehouse, standing in the porch of St. Roque's, after the wedding-party had gone away. "To think he should have come in such a sweet way and married Mrs. Fred! just what we all were wishing for, if we could have ventured



to think it possible. Indeed, I should have liked to have given Mr. Chatham a little present, just to mark my sense of his goodness. Poor man! I wonder if he repents—"

"It is to be hoped not yet," said Lucy, hurrying her sister away before Mr. Wentworth could come out and join them; for affairs were seriously compromised between the perpetual curate and the object of his affections; and Lucy exhibited a certain acerbity under the circumstances which somewhat amazed the tender-hearted old maid.

"When people do repent, my belief is that they do it directly," said Miss Wodehouse. "I dare say he can see what she is already, poor man; and I hope, Lucy, it won't drive him into bad ways. As for Nettie, I am not at all afraid about her. Even if they should happen to quarrel, you know, things will always come right. I am glad they were not married both at the same time. Nettie has such sense! and of course, though it was the very best thing that could happen, and a great relief to everybody concerned, to be sure, one could not help being disgusted with that woman. And it is such a comfort they're going away. Nettie says—"

"Don't you think you could walk a little quicker? there is somebody in Grove Street that I have to see," said Lucy, not so much interested as her sister; "and papa will be home at one to lunch."

"Then I shall go on, dear, if you have no objection, and ask when the doctor and Nettie are coming home," said Miss Wodehouse, "and take poor little Freddy the cakes I promised him. Poor child! to have his mother go off and marry and leave him. Never mind me, Lucy, dear; I do not walk so quickly as you do, and besides I have to go home first for the cakes."

So saying the sisters separated; and Miss Wodehouse took her gentle way to the doctor's house, where everything had been brightened up, and where Freddy waited the return of his chosen guardians. It was still the new quarter of Carlingford, a region of half-built streets, vulgar new roads, and heaps of desolate brick and mortar. If the doctor had ever hoped to succeed Dr. Marjoribanks in his bowery retirement in Grange Lane, that hope now-a-days had receded into the darkest distance. The little surgery round the corner still shed twinkles of red and blue light across that desolate triangle of unbuilt ground upon the other corner houses where dwelt people unknown to society in Carlingford, and still Dr. Rider consented to call himself M.R.C.S., and cultivate the patients who were afraid of a physician. Miss Wodehouse went in at the invitation of Mary to see the little drawing-

room which the master of the house had provided for his wife. It had been only an unfurnished room in Dr. Rider's bachelor days, and looked out upon nothing better than these same new streets—the vulgar suburb which Carlingford disowned. Miss Wodehouse lingered at the window with a little sigh over the perversity of circumstances. If Miss Marjoribanks had only been Nettie, or Nettie Miss Marjoribanks! If not only love and happiness, but the old doctor's practice and savings, could but have been brought to heap up the measure of the young doctor's good-fortune! What a pity that one cannot have everything! The friendly visitor said so with a real sigh as she went down-stairs after her inspection. If the young people had but been settling in Grange Lane, in good society, and with Dr. Marjoribanks' practice, this marriage would have been perfection indeed!

But when the doctor brought Nettie home, and set her in that easy-chair which her image had possessed so long, he saw few drawbacks at that moment to the felicity of his lot. If there was one particular in which his sky threatened clouds, it was not the want of Dr. Marjoribanks' practice, but the presence of that little interloper, whom the doctor in his heart was apt to call by uncomplimentary names, and did not regard with unmixed favor. But when Susan and her Australian were fairly gone, and all fears of any invasion of the other imps, which Dr. Rider inly dreaded up to the last moment, was over, Freddy grew more and more tolerable. Where Fred once lay and dozed, and filled the doctor's house with heavy fumes and discreditable gossip, a burden on his brother's reluctant hospitality, little Freddy now obliterated that dismal memory with prayers and slumbers of childhood; and where the discontented doctor had grumbled many a night and day over that bare habitation of his, which was a house, and not a home, Nettie diffused herself till the familiar happiness became so much a part of his belongings that the doctor learned to grumble once more at the womanish accessories which he had once missed so bitterly. And the little wayward heroine who, by dint of hard labor and sacrifice, had triumphantly had her own way in St. Roque's Cottage, loved her own way still in the new house, and had it as often as was good for her. But so far as this narrator knows, nothing calling for special record has since appeared in the history of the doctor's family, thus re-organized under happier auspices, and discharging its duties, social and otherwise, though not exactly in society, to the satisfaction and approval of the observant population of Carlingford.

From The National Review.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

*The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.* Edited by her Great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe. Third edition, with Additions and Corrections derived from the original Manuscripts, illustrative Notes, and a new Memoir. By W. Moy Thomas. In two volumes. London: Henry Bohn.

NOTHING is so transitory as second-class fame. The name of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is hardly now known to the great mass of ordinary English readers. A generation has arisen which has had time to forget her. Yet only a few years since, an allusion to the "Lady Mary" would have been easily understood by every well-informed person; young ladies were enjoined to form their style upon hers; and no one could have anticipated that her letters would seem in 1862 as different from what a lady of rank would then write or publish as if they had been written in the times of paganism. The very change, however, of popular taste and popular morality gives these letters now a kind of interest. The farther and the more rapidly we have drifted from where we once lay, the more do we wish to learn what kind of port it was. We venture, therefore, to recommend the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu as an instructive and profitable study, not indeed to the youngest of young ladies, but to those maturer persons of either sex "who have taken all knowledge to be their province," and who have commenced their readings in "universality" by an assiduous perusal of Parisian fiction.

It is, we admit, true that these letters are not at the present day very agreeable reading. What our grandfathers and grandmothers thought of them it is not so easy to say. But it now seems clear that Lady Mary was that most miserable of miserable beings, an ambitious and wasted woman; that she brought a very cultivated intellect into a very cultivated society; that she gave to that society what it was most anxious to receive, and received from it all which it had to bestow;—and yet that this all was to her as nothing. The high intellectual world of England has never been so compact, so visible in a certain sense, so enjoyable, as it was in her time. She had a mind to under-

stand it, beauty to adorn it, and wit to amuse it; but she chose to pass great part of her life in exile, and returned at last to die at home among a new generation, whose name she hardly knew, and to whom she herself was but a spectacle and a wonder.

Lady Mary Pierrepont—for that was by birth her name—belonged to a family which had a traditional reputation for ability and cultivation. The *Memoirs of Lucy Hutchinson*—(almost the only legacy that remains to us from the first generation of refined Puritans, the only book, at any rate, which effectually brings home to us how different they were in taste and in temper from their more vulgar and feeble successors)—contains a curious panegyric on wise William Pierrepont, to whom the Parliamentary party resorted as an oracle of judgment, and whom Cromwell himself, if tradition may be trusted, at times condescended to consult and court. He did not, however, transmit much of his discretion to his grandson, Lady Mary's father. This nobleman, for he inherited from an elder branch of the family both the marquise of Dorchester and the dukedom of Kingston, was a mere man "about town," as the homely phrase then went, who passed a long life of fashionable idleness interspersed with political intrigue, and who signalized his old age by marrying a young beauty of fewer years than his youngest daughter, who, as he very likely knew, cared nothing for him and much for another person. He had the "grand air," however, and he expected his children when he visited them, to kneel down immediately and ask his blessing, which, if his character was what is said, must have been very valuable. The only attention he ever (that we know of) bestowed upon Lady Mary was a sort of theatrical outrage, pleasant enough to her at the time, but scarcely in accordance with the educational theories in which we now believe. He was a member of the Kit-Cat, a great Whig club, the Brooks's of Queen Anne's time, which, like Brooks's, appears not to have been purely political, but to have found time for occasional relaxation and for somewhat unbusiness-like discussions. They held annually a formal meeting to arrange the female toasts for that year; and we are told that a whim seized her father to nominate Lady Mary, "then not eight years old a candidate; alleging that she was far prettier

than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. 'Then you shall see her,' cried he; and in the gayety of the moment sent orders home to have her finely dressed and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations; they amounted to ecstasy: never again, throughout her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day. Nor, indeed, could she; for the love of admiration, which this scene was calculated to excite or increase, could never again be so fully gratified; there is always some alloying ingredient in the cup, some drawback upon the triumphs, of grown people. Her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste, by having her picture painted for the club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast." Perhaps some young ladies of more than eight years old would not much object to have lived in those times. Fathers may be wiser now than they were then, but they rarely make themselves so thoroughly agreeable to their children.

This stimulating education would leave a weak and vain girl still more vain and weak; but it had not that effect on Lady Mary. Vain she probably was, and her father's boastfulness perhaps made her vainer; but her vanity took an intellectual turn. She read vaguely and widely; she managed to acquire some knowledge—how much is not clear—of Greek and Latin, and certainly learned with sufficient thoroughness French and Italian. She used to say that she had the worst education in the world, and that it was only by the "help of an uncommon memory and indefatigable labor" that she had acquired her remarkable attainments. Her father certainly seems to have been ca-

pable of any degree of inattention and neglect; but we should not perhaps credit too entirely all the legends which an old lady recounted to her grandchildren of the intellectual difficulties of her youth.

She seems to have been encouraged by her grandmother, one of the celebrated Evelyn family, whose memory is thus enigmatically but still expressively enshrined in the diary of the author of *Sylva*. "Under this date," we are informed, "of the 2d of July, 1649, he records a day spent at Godstone, where Sir John" (this lady's father) "was on a visit with his daughter;" and he adds, "Mem. The prodigious memory of Sir John of Wilts's daughter, since married to Mr. W. Pierrepont." The lady who was thus formidable in her youth deigned in her old age to write frequently, as we should now say,—to open a "regular commerce" of letters, as was said in that age,—with Lady Mary when quite a girl, which she always believed to have been beneficial to her, and probably believed rightly; for she was intelligent enough to comprehend what was said to her, and the old lady had watched many changes in many things.

Her greatest intellectual guide, at least so in after-life she used to relate, was Mr. Wortley, whom she afterwards married. "When I was young," she said, "I was a great admirer of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and that was one of the chief reasons that set me upon the thoughts of stealing the Latin language. Mr. Wortley was the only person to whom I communicated my design, and he encouraged me in it. I used to study five or six hours a day for two years in my father's library; and so got that language, whilst everybody else thought I was reading nothing but novels and romances." She pursued, however, some fiction also; for she possessed, till her death, the whole library of Mrs. Lennox's *Female Quixote*, a ponderous series of novels in folio, in one of which she had written, in her fairest youthful hand, the names and characteristic qualities of "the beautiful Diana, the volatile Clemene, the melancholy Doris, Celadon the faithful, Adamas the wise, and so on, forming two columns."

Of Mr. Wortley it is not difficult, from the materials before us, to decipher his character; he was a slow man, with a taste for quick companions. Swift's diary to Stella

mentions an evening spent over a bottle of old wine with Mr. Wortley and Mr. Addison. Mr. Wortley was a rigid Whig, and Swift's transition to Toryism soon broke short that friendship. But with Addison he maintained an intimacy which lasted during their joint lives, and survived the marriages of both. With Steele likewise he was upon the closest terms, is said to have written some papers in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; and the second volume of the former is certainly dedicated to him in affectionate and respectful terms.

Notwithstanding, however, these conspicuous testimonials to high ability, Mr. Wortley was an orderly and dull person. Every letter received by him from his wife during five-and-twenty years of absence, was found, at his death, carefully indorsed with the date of its arrival and with a *synopsis* of its contents. "He represented," we are told, "at various times, Huntingdon, Westminster, and Peterborough in Parliament, and appears to have been a member of that class who win respectful attention by sober and business-like qualities; and his name is constantly found in the drier and more formal part of the politics of the time." He answered to the description given more recently of a similar person: "Is not," it was asked, "Sir John — a very methodical person?" "Certainly he is," was the reply, "he files his invitations to dinner." The Wortley papers, according to the descriptions of those who have inspected them, seem to contain the accumulations of similar documents during many years. He hoarded money, however, to more purpose, for he died one of the richest commoners in England; and a considerable part of the now marvellous wealth of the Bute family seems at first to have been derived from him.

Whatever good qualities Addison and Steele discovered in Mr. Wortley, they were certainly not those of a good writer. We have from his pen and from that of Lady Mary a description of the state of English politics during the three first years of George III., and any one who wishes to understand how much readability depends upon good writing would do well to compare the two. Lady Mary's is a clear and bright description of all the superficial circumstances of the time; Mr. Wortley's is equally superficial, often unintelligible and always lumbering, and scarcely succeeds in telling us

more than that the writer was wholly unsuccessful in all which he tried to do. As to Mr. Wortley's contributions to the periodicals of his time, we may suspect that the jottings preserved at Loudon are all which he ever wrote of them, and that the style and arrangement were supplied by more skilful writers. Even a county member might furnish headings for the *Saturday Review*. He might say: "Trent British vessel—Americans always intrusive—Support Government—Kill all that is necessary."

What Lady Mary discovered in Mr. Wortley it is easier to say and shorter, for he was very handsome. If his portrait can be trusted, there was a placid and business-like repose about him, which might easily be attractive to a rather excitable and wild young lady, especially when combined with imposing features and a quiet sweet expression. He attended to her also. When she was a girl of fourteen, he met her at a party, and evinced his admiration. And a little while later, it is not difficult to fancy that a literary young lady might be much pleased with a good-looking gentleman not uncomfortably older than herself, yet having a place in the world, and well known to the literary men of the age. He was acquainted with the classics too, or was supposed to be so; and whether it was a consequence of or a preliminary to their affections, Lady Mary wished to know the classics also.

Bishop Burnet was so kind as to superintend the singular studies—for such they were clearly thought—of this aristocratic young lady; and the translation of the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, which he revised, is printed in this edition of her works. But even so grave an undertaking could not wholly withdraw her from more congenial pursuits. She commenced a correspondence with Miss Wortley, Mr. Wortley's unmarried sister, which still remains, though Miss Wortley's letters are hardly to be called hers, for her brother composed, and she merely copied them. The correspondence is scarcely in the sort of English or in the tone which young ladies, we understand, now use.

"It is as impossible," says Miss Wortley, "for my dearest Lady Mary to utter thought that can seem dull as to put on a look that is not beautiful. Want of wit is a fault that those who envy you most would not be



able to find in your kind compliments. To me they seem perfect, since repeated assurances of your kindness forbid me to question their sincerity. You have often found that the most angry, nay, the most neglectful air you can assume, has made as deep a wound as the kindest; and these lines of yours, that you tax with dulness (perhaps because they were writ when you was not in a right humor, or when your thoughts were elsewhere employed), are so far from deserving the imputation, that the very turn of your expression, had I forgot the rest of your charms, would be sufficient to make me lament the only fault you have—your inconstancy."

To which the reply is:—

"I am infinitely obliged to you, my dear Mrs. Wortley, for the wit, beauty, and other fine qualities, you so generously bestow upon me. Next to receiving them from Heaven, you are the person from whom I would choose to receive gifts and graces: I am very well satisfied to owe them to your own delicacy of imagination, which represents to you the idea of a fine lady, and you have good-nature enough to fancy I am she. All this is mighty well, but you do not stop there; imagination is boundless. After giving me imaginary wit and beauty, you give me imaginary passions, and you tell me I'm in love: if I am, 'tis a perfect sin of ignorance, for I don't so much as know the man's name: I have been studying these three hours, and cannot guess who you mean. I passed the days of Nottingham races [at] Thoresby without seeing, or even wishing to see, one of the sex. Now, if I am in love, I have very hard fortune to conceal it so industriously from my own knowledge, and yet discover it so much to other people. 'Tis against all form to have such a passion as that, without giving one sigh for the matter. Pray tell me the name of him I love, that I may (according to the laudable custom of lovers) sigh to the woods and groves hereabouts, and teach it to the echo."

After some time Miss Wortley unfortunately died, and there was an obvious difficulty in continuing the correspondence without the aid of an appropriate sisterly screen. Mr. Wortley seems to have been tranquil and condescending; perhaps he thought placid tactics would be most effective, for Lady Mary was not so calm. He sent her some *Tallers*, and received, by way of thanks, the following tolerably encouraging letter:—

"To Mr. Wortley Montagu.

"I am surprised at one of the *Tallers* you send me; is it possible to have any sort

of esteem for a person one believes capable of having such trifling inclinations? Mr. Bickerstaff has very wrong notions of our sex. I can say there are some of us that despise charms of show, and all the pageantry of greatness, perhaps with more ease than any of the philosophers. In contemning the world, they seem to take pains to condemn it; we despise it, without taking the pains to read lessons of morality to make us do it. At least I know I have always looked upon it with contempt, without being at the expense of one serious reflection to oblige me to it. I carry the matter yet farther; was I to choose of two thousand pounds a year or twenty thousand, the first would be my choice. There is something of an unavoidable *embarras* in making what is called a great figure in the world; [it] takes off from the happiness of life; I hate the noise and hurry inseparable from great estates and titles, and look upon both as blessings that ought only to be given to fools, for 'tis only to them that they are blessings. The pretty fellows you speak of, I own entertain me sometimes; but is it impossible to be diverted with what one despises? I can laugh at a puppet-show; at the same time I know there is nothing in it worth my attention or regard. General notions are generally wrong. Ignorance and folly are thought the best foundations for virtue, as if not knowing what a good wife is was necessary to make one so. I confess that can never be my way of reasoning; as I always forgive an *injury* when I think it not done out of malice, I can never think myself *obliged* by what is done without design. Give me leave to say it (I know it sounds vain), I know how to make a man of sense happy; but then that man must resolve to contribute something towards it himself. I have so much esteem for you, I should be very sorry to hear you was unhappy; but for the world I would not be the instrument of making you so; which (of the humor you are) is hardly to be avoided if I am your wife. You distrust me—I can neither be easy, nor loved, where I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend it; at least I am sure was I in love I could not talk as you do. Few women would have spoke so plainly as I have done; but to dissemble is among the things I never do. I take more pains to approve my conduct to myself than to the world; and would not have to accuse myself of a minute's deceit. I wish I loved you enough to devote myself to be forever miserable, for the pleasure of a day or two's happiness. I cannot resolve upon it. You must think otherwise of me, or not at all.

"I don't enjoin you to burn this letter. I know you will. 'Tis the first I ever writ to



one of your sex, and shall be the last. You must never expect another. I resolve against all correspondence of the kind; my resolutions are seldom made and never broken."

Mr. Wortley, however, still grumbled. He seems to have expected a young lady to do something even more decisive than ask him to marry her. He continued to hesitate and pause. The lady in the comedy says, "What right has a man to intend unless he states his intentions?" and Lady Mary's biographers are entirely of that opinion. They think her exceedingly ill-used, and Mr. Wortley exceedingly to blame. And so it may have been; certainly a love correspondence is rarely found where activity and intrepidity on the lady's side so much contrasts with quiescence and timidity on the gentleman's. If, however, we could summon him before us, probably Mr. Wortley would have something to answer on his own behalf. It is tolerably plain that he thought Lady Mary too excitable. "Certainly," he doubtless reasoned, "she is a handsome young lady and very witty; but beauty and wit are dangerous as well as attractive. Vivacity is delightful; but my esteemed friend Mr. Addison has observed that excessive quickness of parts is not unfrequently the cause of extreme rapidity in action. Lady Mary makes love to me before marriage, and I like it; but may she not make love also to some one else after marriage, and then I shall not like it." Accordingly, he writes to her timorously as to her love of pleasure, her love of romantic reading, her occasional toleration of younger gentlemen and quicker admirers. At last, however, he proposed; and as far as the lady was concerned, there was no objection.

We might have expected, from a superficial view of the facts, that there would have been no difficulty either on the side of her father. Mr. Wortley died one of the richest commoners in England; was of the first standing in society, of good family, and he had apparently, therefore, money to settle and station to offer to his bride. And he did offer both. He was ready to settle an ample sum on Lady Mary, both as his wife and as his widow, and was anxious that, if they married they should live in a manner suitable to her rank and his prospects. But nevertheless there was a difficulty. The *Tatler* had recently favored its readers with dissertations

upon social ethics not altogether dissimilar to those with which the *Saturday Review* frequently instructs its readers. One of these dissertations contained an elaborate exposure of the folly of settling your estate upon your unborn children. The arguments were of a sort very easily imaginable. "Why," it was said, "should you give away that which you have to a person whom you do not know; whom you may never see; whom you may not like when you do see; who may be undutiful, unpleasant, or idiotic? Why, too, should each generation surrender its due control over the next? When the family estate is settled, men of the world know that the father's control is gone, for disinterested filial affection is an unfrequent though doubtless possible virtue; but so long as *property* is in suspense, all expectants will be attentive to those who have it in their power to give or not to give it." These arguments had converted Mr. Wortley, who is said even to have contributed notes for the article, and they seem to have converted Lady Mary also. She was to have her money, and the most plain-spoken young ladies do not commonly care to argue much about the future provision for their possible children; the subject is always delicate and a little frightful, and, on the whole, must be left to themselves. But Lord Dorchester, her father, felt it his duty to be firm. It is an old saying, that "you never know where a man's conscience may turn up," and the advent of ethical feeling was in this case even unusually beyond calculation. Lord Dorchester had never been an anxious father, and was not now going to be a liberal father. He had never cared much about Lady Mary, except in so far as he could himself gain *éclat* by exhibiting her youthful beauty, and he was not now at her marriage about to do at all more than was necessary and decent in his station. It was not therefore apparently probable that he would be irritatingly obstinate respecting the income of his daughter's children. He was so, however. He deemed it a duty to see that "*his* grandchild never should be a beggar," and, for what reason does not so clearly appear, wished that his eldest male grandchild should be immensely richer than all his other grandchildren. The old feudal aristocrat, often in modern Europe so curiously disguised in the indifferent exterior of a cateless man of the world, was,

as became him, dictatorial and unalterable upon the duty of founding a family. Though he did not care much for his daughter, he cared much for the position of his daughter's eldest son. He had probably stumbled on the fundamental truth that "girls were girls and boys were boys," and was disinclined to disregard the rule of primogeniture by which he had obtained his marquissate, and from which he expected a dukedom.

Mr. Wortley, however, was through life a man, if eminent in nothing else, eminent at least in obstinacy. He would not give up the doctrine of the *Tatler* even to obtain Lady Mary. The match was accordingly abandoned, and Lord Dorchester looked out for and found another gentleman whom he proposed to make his son-in-law; for he believed, according to the old morality, "that it was the duty of the parents to find a husband for a daughter, and that when he was found, it was the daughter's duty to marry him." It was as wrong in her to attempt to choose as in him to neglect to seek. Lady Mary was, however, by no means disposed to accept this passive theory of female obligation. She *had* sought and chosen; and to her choice she intended to adhere. The conduct of Mr. Wortley would have offended some ladies, but it rather augmented her admiration. She had exactly that sort of irritable intellect which sets an undue value on new theories of society and morality, and is pleased when others do so too. She thought Mr. Wortley was quite right not to "defraud himself for a possible infant," and admired his constancy and firmness. She determined to risk a step, as she herself said, unjustifiable to her own relatives, but which she nevertheless believed that she could justify to herself. She decided on eloping with Mr. Wortley.

Before, however, taking this audacious leap, she looked a little. Though she did not object to the sacrifice of the customary inheritance of her contingent son, she by no means approved of sacrificing the settlement which Mr. Wortley had undertaken at a prior period of the negotiation to make upon herself. And according to common sense she was undoubtedly judicious. She was going from her father, and foregoing the money which he had promised her; and therefore it was not reasonable that, by going to her lover, she should forfeit also the

money which *he* had promised her. And there is nothing offensive in her mode of expression. "'Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing to expect anything; but after the way of my education, I dare not pretend to live but in some degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to a dependency upon relations I have disobliged. Save me from that fear, if you love me. If you cannot, or think I ought not to expect it, be sincere and tell me so. 'Tis better I should not be yours at all, than, for a short happiness, involve myself in ages of misery. I hope there will never be occasion for this precaution; but, however, 'tis necessary to make it." But true and rational as all this seems, perhaps it is still truer and still more rational to say, that if a woman has not sufficient confidence in her lover to elope with him without a previous promise of a good settlement, she had better not elope with him at all. After all, if he declines to make the stipulated settlement, the lady will have either to return to her friends or to marry without it, and she would have the full choice between these satisfactory alternatives, even if she asked no previous promise from her lover. At any rate, the intrusion of coarse money among the refined materials of romance is, in this case, even more curious and remarkable than usual.

After some unsuccessful attempts, Lady Mary and Mr. Wortley did elope and did marry, and, after a certain interval, of course, Lord Dorchester received them, notwithstanding their contempt of his authority, into some sort of favor and countenance. They had probably saved him money by their irregularity, and economical frailties are rarely judged severely by men of fashion who are benefited by them. Lady Mary, however, was long a little mistrusted by her own relations, and never seems to have acquired much family influence; but her marriage was not her only peculiarity, or the only one which impartial relations might dislike.

The pair appear to have been for a little while tolerably happy. Lady Mary was excitable, and wanted letters when absent, and attention when present; Mr. Wortley was heavy and slow; could not write letters when away, and seemed torpid in her society when at home. Still these are common troubles. Common, too, is the matrimonial

correspondence upon baby's deficiency in health, and on Mrs. Behn's opinion that "the cold bath is the best medicine for weak children." It seems an odd end to a deferential perusal of Latin authors in girlhood, and to a spirited elopement with the preceptor in after years; but the transition is only part of the usual irony of human life.

The world, both social and political, into which Lady Mary was introduced by her marriage was singularly calculated to awaken the faculties, to stimulate the intellect, to sharpen the wit, and to harden the heart of an intelligent, witty, and hard-headed woman. The world of London—even the higher world—is now too large to be easily seen, or to be pithily described. The elements are so many, their position is so confused, the display of their mutual counteraction is so involved, that many years must pass away before even a very clever woman can thoroughly comprehend it all. She will cease to be young and handsome long ere she does comprehend it. And when she at last understands it, it does not seem a fit subject for concise and summary wit. Its evident complexity refuses to be condensed into pithy sayings and brilliant *bon-mots*. It has fallen into the hands of philosophers, with less brains perhaps than the satirists of our fathers, but with more anxiety to tell the whole truth, more toleration for the many-sidedness of the world, with less of sharp conciseness, but, perhaps, with more of useful completeness. As are the books, so are the readers. People do not wish to read satire now-a-days. The epigrams even of Pope would fall dull and dead upon this serious and investigating time. The folly of the last age affected levity; the folly of this, as we all know, encases itself in ponderous volumes which defy refutation, in elaborate arguments which prove nothing, in theories which confuse the uninstructed, and which irritate the well-informed. The folly of a hundred years since was at least the folly of Vivien, but ours is the folly of Merlin:—

"You read the book, my pretty Vivien,  
And none can read the text, not even I,  
And none can read the comments but myself—  
Oh, the results are simple!"

Perhaps people did not know then as much as they do now; indisputably they knew nothing like so much in a superficial way

about so many things; but they knew far more correctly where their knowledge began and where it stopped; what they thought and why they thought it: they had readier illustrations and more summary phrases; they could say at once what it *came to*, and to what action it should lead.

The London of 1700 was an aristocratic world, which lived to itself, which displayed the virtues and developed the vices of an aristocracy which was under little fear of external control or check; which had emancipated itself from the control of the crown; which had not fallen under the control of the *bourgeoisie*; which saw its own life, and saw that, according to its own maxims, it was good. Public opinion now rules, and it is an opinion which constrains the conduct, and narrows the experience, and dwarfs the violence, and *minimises* the frankness of the highest classes, while it diminishes their vices, supports their conscience, and precludes their grossness. There was nothing like this in the last century, especially in the early part of it. The aristocracy came to town from their remote estates,—where they were uncontrolled by any opinion or by any equal society, and where the eccentricities and personalities of each character were fostered and exaggerated,—to a London which was like a large county town, in which everybody of rank knew everybody of rank, where the eccentricities of each rural potentate came into picturesque collision with the eccentricities of other rural potentates, where the most minute allusions to the peculiarities and the career of the principal persons were instantly understood, where squibs were on every table, and where satire was in the air. No finer field of social observation could be found for an intelligent and witty woman. Lady Mary understood it at once.

Nor was the political life of the last century so unfavorable to the influence and so opposed to the characteristic comprehension of women as our present life. We are now ruled by political discussion and by a popular assembly, by leading articles, and by the House of Commons. But women can scarcely ever compose leaders, and no woman sits in our representative chamber. The whole tide of abstract discussion which fills our mouths and deafens our ears, the whole complex accumulation of facts and figures to which we refer everything, and which we apply to

everything, is quite unfemale. A lady has an insight into what she sees ; but how will this help her with the case of the *Trent*, with the proper structure of a representative chamber, with Indian finance or parliamentary reform ? Women are clever, but cleverness of itself is nothing at present. A sharp Irish writer described himself "as bothered intirely by the want of preliminary information ;" women are in the same difficulty now. Their nature may hereafter change, as some sanguine advocates suggest. But the visible species certainly have not the intellectual providence to acquire the vast stores of dry information which alone can enable them to judge adequately of our present controversies. We are ruled by a machinery of oratory and discussion, in which women have no share, and which they hardly comprehend : we are engaged on subjects which need an arduous learning, to which they have no pretensions.

In the last century much of this was very different. The Court still counted for much in English politics. The House of Commons was the strongest power in the State machine, but it was not so immeasurably the strongest power as now. It was absolutely supreme within its sphere, but that sphere was limited. It could absolutely control the money, and thereby the policy of the State. Whether there should be peace or war, excise or no excise, it could and did despotically determine. It was supreme in its choice of *measures*. But, on the other hand, it had only a secondary influence in the choice of *persons*. Who the prime minister was to be, was a question not only theoretically determinable, but in fact determined by the sovereign. The House of Commons could despotically impose two conditions : first, that the prime minister should be a man of sufficient natural ability, and sufficient parliamentary experience, to conduct the business of his age ; secondly, that he should adopt the policy which the nation wished. But, subject to a conformity with these prerequisites, the selection of the king was nearly uncontrolled. Sir Robert Walpole was the greatest master of parliamentary tactics and political business in his generation ; he was a statesman of wide views and consummate dexterity ; but these intellectual gifts, even joined to immense parliamentary experience, were not alone sufficient to make him

and to keep him Prime Minister of England. He also maintained, during two reigns, a complete system of court-strategy. During the reign of George II. he kept a *queen-watcher*. Lord Hervey, one of the cleverest men in England, the keenest observer, perhaps, in England, was induced, by very dexterous management, to remain at court during many years—to observe the queen, to hint to the queen, to remove wrong impressions from the queen, to confirm the Walpolese predilections of the queen, to report every incident to Sir Robert. The records of politics tell us few stranger tales than that it should have been necessary for the Sir Robert Peel of the age to hire a subordinate as safe as Eldon, and as witty as Canning, for the sole purpose of managing a clever German woman, to whom the selection of a prime minister was practically intrusted. Nor was this the only court-campaign which Sir Robert had to conduct, or in which he was successful. Lady Mary, who hated him much, has satirically described the foundation upon which his court-favor rested during the reign of George I.

"The new court with all their train was arrived before I left the country. The Duke of Marlborough was returned in a sort of triumph, with the apparent merit of having suffered for his fidelity to the succession, and was reinstated in his office of general, etc. In short, all people who had suffered any hardship or disgrace during the late ministry, would have it believed that it was occasioned by their attachment to the house of Hanover. Even Mr. Walpole, who had been sent to the Tower for a piece of bribery proved upon him, was called a confessor to the cause. But he had another piece of good luck that yet more contributed to his advancement ; he had a very handsome sister, whose folly had lost her reputation in London ; but the yet greater folly of Lord Townshend, who happened to be a neighbor in Norfolk to Mr. Walpole, had occasioned his being drawn in to marry her some months before the queen died.

"Lord Townshend had that sort of understanding which commonly makes men honest in the first part of their lives ; they follow the instruction of their tutor, and, till somebody thinks it worth their while to show them a new path, go regularly on in the road where they are set. Lord Townshend had then been many years an excellent husband to a sober wife, a kind master to all his servants and dependants, a serviceable relation wherever it was in his power, and followed



the instinct of nature in being fond of his children. Such a sort of behavior without any glaring absurdity, either in prodigality or avarice, always gains a man the reputation of reasonable and honest; and this was his character when the Earl of Godolphin sent him envoy to the States, not doubting but he would be faithful to his orders, without giving himself the trouble of criticising on them, which is what all ministers wish in an envoy. Robotun, a French refugee (secretary to Bernstoff, one of the Elector of Hanover's ministers), happened then to be at the Hague, and was civilly received at Lord Townshend's, who treated him at his table with the English hospitality, and he was charmed with a reception which his birth and education did not entitle him to. Lord Townshend was recalled when the queen changed her ministry; his wife died, and he retired into the country, where (as I have said before) Walpole had art enough to make him marry his sister Dolly. At that time, I believe, he did not propose much more advantage by the match than to get rid of a girl that lay heavy on his hands.

"When King George ascended the throne, he was surrounded by all his German ministers and playfellows, male and female. Baron Goritz was the most considerable among them both for birth and fortune. He had managed the king's treasury thirty years with the utmost fidelity and economy; and had the true German honesty, being a plain, sincere, and unambitious man. Bernstoff the secretary was of a different turn. He was avaricious, artful, and designing; and had got his share in the king's councils by bribing his women. Robotun was employed in these matters, and had the sanguine ambition of a Frenchman. He resolved there should be an English ministry of his choosing; and, knowing none of them personally but Townshend, he had not failed to recommend him to his master, and his master to the king, as the only proper person for the important post of Secretary of State; and he entered upon that office with universal applause, having at that time a very popular character, which he might possibly have retained forever if he had not been entirely governed by his wife and her brother R. Walpole, whom he immediately advanced to be paymaster, esteemed a post of exceeding profit, and very necessary for his indebted estate."

And it is indisputable that Lord Townshend, who thought he was a very great statesman, and who began as the patron of Sir Robert Walpole, nevertheless was only his court-agent—the manager on his behalf of the king and of the king's mistresses.

We need not point out at length, for the passage we have cited of itself indicates how well suited this sort of politics is to the comprehension and to the pen of a keen-sighted and witty woman.

Nor was the court the principal improver of the London society of the age. The House of Commons was then a part of society. This separate, isolated, aristocratic world, of which we have spoken, had an almost undisputed command of both Houses in the Legislature. The letter of the constitution did not give it them, and no law appointed that it should be so. But the aristocratic class were by far the most educated, by far the most respected, by far the most *eligible* part of the nation. Even in the boroughs, where there was universal suffrage, or something near it, they were the favorites. Accordingly, they gave the tone to the House of Commons; they required the small community of members who did not belong to their order to conform as far as they could to their usages, and to guide themselves by their code of morality and of taste. In the main the House of Commons obeyed these injunctions, and it was repaid by being incorporated within the aristocratic world: it became not only the council of the nation, but the debating-club of fashion. That which was "received" modified the recipient. The remains of the aristocratic society, wherever we find them, are penetrated not only with an aristocratic but with a political spirit. They breathe a sort of atmosphere of politics. In the London of the present day, the vast miscellaneous *bourgeois* London, we all know that this is not so. "In the country," said a splenetic observer, "people talk politics; at London dinners you talk nothing; between two pillars of crinoline you eat and are resigned." A hundred and fifty years ago, as far as our rather ample materials inform us, people in London talked politics just as they now talk politics in Worcestershire; and being on the spot, and cooped up with politicians in a small social world, their talk was commonly better. They knew the people of whom they spoke, even if they did not know the subjects with which they were concerned.

No element is better fitted to counteract the characteristic evil of an aristocratic society. The effect of such societies in all times has been frivolity. All talk has tended

to become gossip; it has ceased to deal with important subjects, and has devoted itself entirely to unimportant incidents. Whether the Duc de — has more or less prevailed with the Marquise de — is a sort of common form into which any details may be fitted, and any names inserted. The frivolities of gallantry—never very important save to some woman who has long been dead—fill the records of all aristocracies who lived under a despotism, who had no political authority, no daily political cares. The aristocracy of England in the last century were, at any rate, exempt from *this* reproach. There is in the records of it not only an intellectuality, which would prove little, for every clever describer, by the subtleties of his language and the arrangement of his composition, gives a sort of intellectuality even to matters which have no pretension to it in themselves, but likewise a pervading medium of political discussion. The very language in which they are written is the language of political business. Horace Walpole was certainly by nature no politician and no orator; yet no discerning critic can read a page of his voluminous remains without feeling that the writer has through life lived with politicians and talked with politicians. A keen observant mind, not naturally political, but capable of comprehending and viewing any subject which was brought before it, has chanced to have this particular subject—politics—presented to it for a lifetime; and all its delineations, all its efforts, all its thoughts, reflect it, and are colored by it. In all the records of the eighteenth century the tonic of business is seen to combat the relaxing effect of habitual luxury.

This element, too, is favorable to a clever woman. The more you can put before such a person, the greater she will be; the less her world, the less she is. If you place the most keen-sighted lady in the midst of the pure futilities and unmitigated flirtations of an aristocracy, she will sink to the level of those elements, and will scarcely seem to wish for anything more, or to be competent for anything higher. But if she is placed in an intellectual atmosphere, in which political or other important subjects are currently passing, you will probably find that she can talk better upon them than you can, without your being able to explain whence she derived either her information or her talent.

The subjects, too, which were discussed in the political society of the last age were not so inscrutable to women as our present subjects; and even when there were great difficulties, they were more on a level with men in the discussion of them than they now are. It was no disgrace to be destitute of preliminary information at a time in which there were no accumulated stores from which such information could be derived. A lightening element of female influence is therefore to be found through much of the politics of the eighteenth century.

Lady Mary entered easily into all this world, both social and political. She had beauty for the fashionable, satire for the witty, knowledge for the learned, and intelligence for the politician. She was not too refined to shrink from what we now consider the coarseness of that time. Many of her verses themselves are scarcely adapted for our decorous pages. Perhaps the following give no unfair idea of her ordinary state of mind:—

#### "TOWN ECLOGUES.

##### "ROXANA: OR, THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"Roxana, from the court retiring late,  
Sighed her soft sorrows at St. James's gate.  
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breast,  
Not her own chairmen with more weight oppressed;

They groan the cruel load they're doomed to bear;

She in these gentle sounds expressed her care.

"Was it for this that I these roses wear?

For this new set the jewels for my hair?

Ah! Princess! with what zeal have I pursued!

Almost forgot the duty of a prude.

Thinking I never could attend too soon,

I've missed my prayers, to get me dressed by noon.

For thee, ah! what for thee did I resign?

My pleasures, passions, all that e'er was mine.

I sacrificed both modesty and ease,

Left operas and went to filthy plays;

Double-entendres shock my tender ear;

Yet even this for thee I choose to bear.

In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,

And every joy of life before me lay,

By honor prompted, and by pride restrained,

The pleasures of the young my soul disdained:

Sermons I sought, and with a mien severe

Censured my neighbors, and said daily prayer.

"Alas! how changed—with the same sermon-mien

That once I prayed, the *What d'ye call't* I've seen.

Ah! cruel Princess, for thy sake I've lost

That reputation which so dear had cost:

I, who avoided every public place,

When bloom and beauty bade me show my face,

Now near thee constant every night abide  
With never-failing duty by thy side ;  
Myself and daughters standing on a row,  
To all the foreigners a goodly show !  
Oft had your drawing-room been sadly thin,  
And merchants' wives close by the chair been  
seen,

Had not I amply filled the empty space,  
And saved your highness from the dire disgrace.

" Yet Coquetilla's artifice prevails,  
When all my merit and my duty fails ;  
That Coquetilla, whose deluding airs  
Corrupt our virgins, still our youth ensnares ;  
So sunk her character, so lost her fame,  
Scarce visited before your highness came :  
Yet for the bedchamber 'tis her you choose,  
When zeal and fame and virtue you refuse.  
Ah ! worthy choice ! not one of all your train  
Whom censure blasts not, and dishonors stain !  
Let the nice hind now suckle dirty pigs,  
And the proud pea-hen hatch the cuckoo's eggs !  
Let Iris leave her paint and own her age,  
And grave Suffolka wed a giddy page !  
A greater miracle is daily viewed,  
A virtuous Princess with a court so lewd.

" I know thee, court ! with all thy treach'rous  
wiles,

Thy false caresses and undoing smiles !  
Ah ! Princess, learned in all the courtly arts,  
To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts !

" Large lovely bribes are the great states-  
man's aim ;

And the neglected patriot follows fame.  
The Prince is ogled ; some the king pursue ;  
But your Roxana only follows you.  
Despised Roxana, cease, and try to find  
Some other, since the Princess proves unkind :  
Perhaps it is not hard to find at court,  
If not a greater, a more firm support."

There was every kind of rumor as to Lady Mary's own conduct, and we have no means of saying whether any of these rumors were true. There is no evidence against her which is worthy of the name. So far as can be proved, she was simply a gay, witty, bold-spoken, handsome woman, who made many enemies by unscrupulous speech, and many friends by unscrupulous flirtation. We may believe, but we cannot prove, that she found her husband tedious, and was dissatisfied that his slow, methodical, *borné* mind made so little progress in the political world, and understood so little of what really passed there. Unquestionably she must have much preferred talking to Lord Hervey to talking with Mr. Montagu. But we must not credit the idle scandals of a hundred years since, because they may have been true, or because they appear not inconsistent with the characters of those to whom they relate. There were legends against every attractive and fashionable woman in that age, and most of

the legends were doubtless exaggerations and inventions. We cannot know the truth of such matters now, and it would hardly be worth searching into if we could ; but the important fact is certain, Lady Mary lived in a world in which the worst rumors were greedily told and often believed about her and others ; and the moral refinement of a woman must always be impaired by such a contact.

Lady Mary was so unfortunate as to incur the partial dislike of one of the great recorders of that age, and the bitter hostility of the other. She was no favorite with Horace Walpole, and the bitter enemy of Pope. The first is easily explicable. Horace Walpole never loved his father, but recompensed himself by hating his father's enemies. No one connected with the opposition to Sir Robert is spared by his son if there be a fair opportunity for unfavorable insinuation. Mr. Wortley was the very man for a grave mistake. He made the very worst which could be made in that age. He joined the party of constitutional exiles on the Opposition bench, who had no real objection to the policy of Sir Robert Walpole ; who, when they had a chance, adopted that policy themselves ; who were discontented because they had no power, and he had all the power. Probably, too, being a man eminently respectable, Mr. Montagu was frightened at Sir Robert's unscrupulous talk and not very scrupulous actions. At any rate, he opposed Sir Robert ; and thence many a little observation of Horace Walpole's against Lady Mary.

Why Pope and Lady Mary quarrelled is a question on which much discussion has been expended, and on which a judicious German professor might even now compose an interesting and exhaustive monograph. A curt English critic will be more apt to ask, " Why they should *not* have quarrelled ? " We know that Pope quarrelled with almost every one ; we know that Lady Mary quarrelled or half quarrelled with most of her acquaintances. Why, then, should they not have quarrelled with one another ?

It is certain that they were very intimate at one time ; for Pope wrote to her some of the most pompous letters of compliment in the language. And the more intimate they were to begin with, the more sure they were to be enemies in the end. Human

nature will not endure that sort of proximity. An irritable vain poet, who always fancies that people are trying to hurt him, whom no argument could convince that every one is not perpetually thinking about him, cannot long be friendly with a witty woman of unscrupulous tongue, who spares no one, who could sacrifice a good friend for a bad *bon-mot*, who thinks of the person whom she is addressing, not of those about whom she is speaking. The natural relation of the two is that of victim and torturer, and no other will long continue. There appear also to have been some money matters (of all things in the world) between the two. Lady Mary was intrusted by Pope with some money to use in speculation during the highly fashionable panic which derives its name from the South-Sea Bubble,—and as of course it was lost, Pope was very angry. Another story goes, that Pope made serious love to Lady Mary, and that she laughed at him; upon which a very personal, and not always very correct, controversy has arisen as to the probability or improbability of Pope's exciting a lady's feelings. Lord Byron took part in it with his usual acuteness and incisiveness, and did not leave the discussion more decent than he found it. Pope doubtless was deformed, and had not the large red health that uncivilized women admire; yet a clever lady might have taken a fancy to him, for the little creature knew what he was saying. There is, however, no evidence that Lady Mary did so. We only know that there was a sudden coolness or quarrel between them, and that it was the beginning of a long and bitter hatred.

In their own times Pope's sensitive disposition probably gave Lady Mary a great advantage. Her tongue perhaps gave him more pain than his pen gave her. But in later times she has fared the worse. What between Pope's sarcasms and Horace Walpole's anecdotes, Lady Mary's reputation has suffered very considerably. As we have said, her offences are *non proven*; there is no evidence to convict her; but she is likely to be condemned upon the general doctrine that a person who is accused of much is probably guilty of something.

During many years, Lady Mary continued to live a distinguished fashionable and social life, with a single remarkable break. This interval was her journey to Constantinople.

The powers that then were, thought fit to send Mr. Wortley as ambassador to Constantinople, and his wife accompanied him. During that visit she kept a journal, and wrote sundry real letters, out of which, after her return, she composed a series of unreal letters as to all she saw and did in Turkey, and on the journey there and back, which were published, and which are still amusing, if not always select, reading. The Sultan was not then the "dying man;" he was the "Grand Turk." He was not simply a potentate to be counted with, but a power to be feared. The appearance of a Turkish army on the Danube had in that age much the same effect as the appearance of a Russian army now. It was an object of terror and dread. A mission at Constantinople was not then a *bureau* for interference in Turkey; but a serious office for transacting business with a great European power. A European ambassador at Constantinople now presses on the Government there impracticable reforms; he then asked for useful aid. Lady Mary was evidently impressed by the power of the country in which she sojourned; and we observe in her letters evident traces of the notion, that the Turk was the dread of Christendom,—which is singular now, when the Turk is its *protégé*.

Lady Mary had another advantage too. Many sorts of books make steady progress; a scientific treatise published now is sure to be fuller and better than one on the same subject written long ago. But with books of travels in a stationary country the presumption is the contrary. In that case the old book is probably the better book. The first traveller writes out a plain straightforward description of the most striking objects with which he meets; he believes that his readers know nothing of the country of which he is writing, for till he visited it he probably knew nothing himself; and, if he is sensible, he describes simply and clearly all which most impresses him. He has no motive for not dwelling upon the principle things, and most likely will do so, as they are probably the most conspicuous. The second traveller is not so fortunate. He is always in terror of the traveller who went before. He fears the criticism,—“this is all very well, *but* we knew the whole of it before. No. 1 said that at page 103.” In consequence, he is timid. He picks and



skips. He fancies that you are acquainted with all which is great and important, and he dwells, for your good and to your pain, upon that which is small and unimportant. For ordinary readers no result can be more fatal. They perhaps never read,—they certainly do not remember anything upon the subject. The curious *minutiae*, so elaborately set forth, are quite useless, for they have not the general framework in which to store them. Not knowing much of the first traveller's work, that of the second is a supplement to a treatise with which they are unacquainted. In consequence they do not read it. Lady Mary made good use of her position in the front of the herd of tourists. She told us what she saw in Turkey,—all the best of what she saw, and all the most remarkable things,—and told it very well.

Nor was this work the only fruit of her Turkish travels; she brought home the notion of inoculation. Like most improvers, she was roughly spoken to. Medical men were angry because the practice was not in their books, and conservative men were cross at the agony of a new idea. Religious people considered it wicked to have a disease which Providence did not think fit to send you; and simple people "did not like to make themselves ill of their own accord." She triumphed, however, over all obstacles; inoculation, being really found to lengthen life and save complexions, before long became general.

One of the first patients upon whom Lady Mary tried the novelty was her own son, and many considerate people thought it "worthy of observation" that he turned out a scamp. When he ran away from school, the mark of inoculation, then rare, was used to describe him, and after he was recovered, he never did anything which was good. His case seems to have been the common one in which nature (as we speak) requites herself for the strongheadedness of several generations by the weakness of one. His father's and his mother's family had been rather able for some generations; the latter remarkably so. But this boy had always a sort of practical imbecility. He was not stupid, but he never did anything right. He exemplified another curious trait of nature's practice. Mr. Montagu was obstinate, though sensible; Lady Mary was flighty, though clever. Nature combined the defects. Young Edward

Montagu was both obstinate and flighty. The only pleasure he can ever have given his parents was the pleasure of *feeling* their own wisdom. He showed that they were right before marriage in not settling the paternal property upon him, for he ran through every shilling he possessed. He was not sensible enough to keep his property, and just not fool enough for the law to take it from him.

After her return from Constantinople, Lady Mary continued to lead the same half-gay and half-literary life as before; but at last she did not like it. Various ingenious inquirers into antiquated minutiae have endeavored, without success, to discover reasons of detail which might explain her dissatisfaction. They have suggested that some irregular love-affair was unprosperous, and hinted that she and her husband were not on good terms. The love-affair, however, when looked for, cannot be found; and though she and her husband would appear to have been but distantly related, they never had any great quarrel which we know of. Neither seems to have been fitted to give the other much pleasure, and each had the fault of which the other was most impatient. Before marriage Lady Mary had charmed Mr. Montagu, but she had also frightened him; after marriage she frightened, but did not charm him. He was formal and composed; she was flighty and *outrée*. "What *will* she do next?" was doubtless the poor man's daily feeling; and "will he ever do anything?" was probably also hers. Torpid business, which is always going on, but which never seems to come to anything, is simply aggravating to a clever woman. Even the least impatient lady can hardly endure a perpetual process for which there is little visible and nothing theatrical to show; and Lady Mary was by no means the least impatient. But there was no abrupt quarrel between the two; and a husband and wife who have lived together more than twenty years can generally manage to continue to live together during a second twenty years. These reasons of detail are scarcely the reasons for Lady Mary's wishing to break away from the life to which she had so long been used. Yet there was clearly some reason, for Lady Mary went abroad, and stayed there during many years.

We believe that the cause was not special

and peculiar to the case, but general, and due to the invariable principles of human nature, at all times and everywhere. If historical experience proves anything, it proves that the earth is not adapted for a life of mere intellectual pleasure. The life of a brute on earth, though bad, is possible. It is not even difficult to many persons to destroy the higher part of their nature by a continual excess in sensual pleasure. It is even more easy and possible to dull all the soul and most of the mind by a rapid accumulation of torpid comfort. Many of the middle classes spend their whole lives in a constant series of petty pleasures, and an undeviating pursuit of small material objects. The gross pursuit of pleasure, and the tiresome pursuit of petty comfort, are quite suitable to such "a being as man in such a world as the present one." What is not possible is, to combine the pursuit of pleasure and the enjoyment of comfort with the characteristic pleasures of a strong mind. If you wish for luxury, you must not nourish the inquisitive instinct. The great problems of human life are in the air; they are without us in the life we see, within us in the life we feel. A quick intellect feels them in a moment. It says, "Why am I here? What is pleasure, that I desire it? What is comfort, that I seek it? What are carpets and tables? What is the lust of the eye? What is the pride of life, that they should satisfy me? I was not made for such things. I hate them, because I have liked them; I loathe them, because it seems that there is nothing else for me." An impatient woman's intellect comes to this point in a moment; it says, "Society is good, but I have seen society. What is the use of talking, or hearing *bon-mots*? I have done with both till I am tired of doing either. I have laughed till I have no wish to laugh again, and made others laugh till I have hated them for being such fools. As for instruction, I have seen the men of genius of my time; and they tell me nothing,—nothing of what I want to know. They are choked with intellectual frivolities. They cannot say 'whence I came, and whither I go.' What do they know of themselves? It is not from literary people that we can learn anything; more likely they will copy, or try to copy, the manners of lords, and make ugly love, in bad imitation of those who despise them."

Lady Mary felt this, as we believe. She had seen all the world of England, and it did not satisfy. She turned abroad, not in pursuit of definite good, nor from fear of particular evil, but from a vague wish of some great change—from a wish to escape from a life which harassed the soul, but did not calm it; which awakened the intellect without answering its questions.

She lived abroad for more than twenty years, at Avignon and Venice and elsewhere; and, during that absence, she wrote the letters which compose the greater part of her works. And there is no denying that they are good letters. The art of note-writing may become classical,—it is for the present age to provide models of that sort of composition,—but letters have perished. Nobody but a bore now takes pains enough to make them pleasant; and the only result of a bore's pains is to make them unpleasant. The correspondence of the present day is a continual labor without any visible achievement. The dying penny-a-liner said with emphasis, "That which I have written has perished." We might all say so of the mass of petty letters we write. They are a heap of small atoms, each with some interest individually, but with no interest as a whole; all the items concern us, but they all add up to nothing. In the last century, cultivated people who sat down to write a letter took pains to have something to say, and took pains to say it. The postage was perhaps ninepence; and it would be impudent to make a correspondent pay ninepence for nothing. Still more impudent was it *after* having made him pay ninepence, to give him the additional pain of making out what was half expressed. People, too, wrote to one another then, not unfrequently, who had long been separated, and who required much explanation and many details to make the life of each intelligible to the other. The correspondence of the nineteenth century is like a series of telegrams with amplified headings. There is not more than one idea; and that idea comes soon, and is soon over. The best correspondence of the last age is rather like a good light article,—in which the points are studiously made,—in which the effort to make them is studiously concealed,—in which a series of selected circumstances is set forth,—in which you feel, but are not told, that the principle of the

writer's selection was to make his composition pleasant.

In letter-writing of this kind Lady Mary was very skilful. She has the highest merit of letter-writing,—she is concise without being affected. Fluency, which a great orator pronounced to be the curse of orators, is at least equally the curse of writers. There are many people, many ladies especially, who can write letters at any length, in any number, and at any time. We may be quite sure that the letters so written are not good letters. Composition of any sort implies consideration; you must see where you are going before you can go straight, or can pick your steps as you go. On the other hand, too much consideration is unfavorable to the ease of letter-writing, and perhaps of all writing. A letter too much studied wants flow; it is a museum of hoarded sentences. Each sentence sounds effective; but the whole composition wants vitality. It was written with the memory instead of the mind; and every reader feels the effect, though only the critical reader can detect the cause. Lady Mary understood all this. She said what she had to say in words that were always graphic and always sufficiently good, but she avoided curious felicity. Her expressions seem choice, but not chosen.

At the end of her life Lady Mary pointed a subordinate but not a useless moral. The masters of mundane ethics "observe, that you should stay in the world, or stay out of the world." Lady Mary did neither. She went out, and tried to return. Horace Walpole thus describes the result: "Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; I have seen her; I think

her avarice, her art, and her vivacity are all increased. Her dress, like her language, is a *galimatias* of several countries; the groundwork rags, and the embroidery nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, and no shoes. An old black laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence, and she was expected there, we were drawing *sortes Virgilianas* for her; we literally drew

"*Insanam vatem aspicias.*"

It would have been a stranger prophecy now even than it was then." There is a description of what the favorite of society becomes after leaving it for years, and after indulging eccentricities for years! There is a commentary on the blunder of exposing yourself in your old age to young people, to whom you have always been a tradition and a name! Horace Walpole doubtless painted up a few trivialities a little. But one of the traits is true. Lady Mary lived before the age in which people waste half their lives in washing the whole of their persons.

Lady Mary did not live long after her return to England. Horace Walpole's letter is written on the 2d February, 1809, and she died on the 21st August in the same year. Her husband had died just before her return, and perhaps, after so many years she would not have returned unless he had done so. *Requiescat in pace*, for she quarrelled all her life.

**POISON FOR THE WHOLE ANIMAL KINGDOM.**—However innocuous, and even occasionally beneficial, tobacco may be when smoked at suitable times and in moderate quantities, yet the quantity of poison which is produced for this purpose in the course of the year is incredible. Thus, the annual crop of tobacco grown in the various regions of the world which produce it is estimated at 550,000,000 lbs., and of this the chemist has shown that about five per cent on an average consists of an alkaloid named nicotine, which is so poisonous that a few drops produce death. In the crop of tobacco above specified, there must be 27,500,000 lbs. of nicotine; and this would nearly fill 100,000 wine barrels, giving an allowance of four or five hundred drops to every man, woman, and child in the world—enough in all probability to poison every living creature on the face of the earth!

FROM Paris we hear that the second volume of "the Family of Orleans," by M. Crétineau Joly, is shortly to appear, and is said to contain a curious document relative to the present Emperor of France. It is a letter from Queen Hortense, written soon after the Strasburg adventure. The mother of Louis Napoleon writes: "The failure of the undertaking is not to be much regretted." And later: "If unfortunately my Louis ever should become Emperor, he would ruin everything, and France entirely." It is supposed that this volume will appear in two editions, as no French publisher will venture on printing this letter; the French edition will merely make mention of the letter, while the Belgian is to reprint it completely.—*London Review*.

## TO ENGLISHMEN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

You flung your taunt across the wave :

We bore it as became us,  
Well knowing that the fettered slave  
Left friendly lips no option save  
To pity or to blame us.

You scoffed our plea. " Mere lack of will  
Not lack of power," you told us :  
We showed our free-state records ; still  
You mocked, confounding good and ill,  
Slave-haters and slaveholders.

We struck at Slavery ; to the verge  
Of power and means we checked it :  
Lo !—presto, change ! its claims you urge,  
Send greetings to it o'er the surge  
And comfort and protect it.

But yesterday you scarce could shake,  
In slave-abhorring rigor,  
Our Northern palms, for conscience' sake ;  
To-day you clasp the hands that ache  
With " walloping the nigger ! " \*

O Englishmen !—in hope and creed,  
In blood and tongue our brothers !  
We too are heirs of Runnymede ;  
And Shakspeare's fame, and Cromwell's deed,  
Are not alone our mother's.

" Thicker than water " in one rill  
Through centuries of story  
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still  
We share with you its good and ill,  
The shadow and the glory.

Joint heirs and kinfolk, leagues of wave  
Nor length of years can part us :  
Your right is ours to shrine and grave,  
The common freehold of the brave,  
The gift of saints and martyrs.

Our very sins and follies teach  
Our kindred frail and human :  
We carp at faults with bitter speech  
The while for one unshared by each  
We have a score in common.

We bowed the heart if not the knee  
To England's Queen, God bless her !  
We praised you when your slaves went free :  
We seek to unchain ours. Will ye  
Join hands with the oppressor ?—

And is it Christian England cheers  
The bruiser, not the bruised ?  
And must she run, despite the tears  
And prayers of eighteen hundred years,  
A muck in Slavery's crusade ?

O black disgrace ! O shame and loss  
Too deep for tongue to phrase on !  
Tear from your flag its holy cross,  
And in your van of battle toss  
The pirate's skull-bone blazon !

—Independent.

\* See English caricatures of America: Slaveholder and cowhide, with the motto, " Haven't I a right to wallop my nigger ? "

## THE NATION'S PRAYER

LORD GOD, on bended knee  
Three Kingdoms cry to thee,  
God save the Queen !

God of all tenderness,  
Lighten her load, and bless,  
Deep in her first distress—  
God save the Queen !

Hold thou our Lady's hand,  
Bid her arise and stand—  
God save the Queen !

Grant her thy comfort, Lord ;  
Husband ! thy arm afford ;  
Father ! fulfil thy word—  
God save the Queen !

Thou hast given gladness long,  
Make her in sorrow strong—  
God save the Queen !

Dry our dear Lady's tears,  
Succor her lonely years  
Safe through all woes and fears—  
God keep the Queen !

Sweet from this sudden gloom  
Bring thou life's perfect bloom—  
God save the Queen !

Thou who hast sent the blow,  
Wisdom and grace bestow  
Out of this cloud of woe—  
God save the Queen !  
—Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE SAILOR BOY.

He rose at dawn and flushed with hope  
Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar,  
And reached the ship and caught the rope,  
And whistled to the morning star,  
And while on deck he whistled loud  
He heard a fierce mermaid cry,  
" Boy, though thou art young and proud,  
I see the place where thou wilt lie.  
The sands and yeasty surges mix  
In caves about the dreary bay ;  
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,  
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play ! "  
" Fool ! " he answered, " Death is sure  
To those that stay and those that roam :  
But I will never more endure  
To sit with empty hands at home.  
My mother clings about my neck,  
My sisters clamor, ' Stay, for shame ! '  
My father raves of death and wreck,  
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.  
God help me ! save I take my part  
Of danger on the roaring sea,  
A devil rises in my heart,  
Far worse than any death to me."

—Contributed by Tennyson to " The Victoria Regina," a new Annual.



From The London Review.

#### MR. GLADSTONE ON AMERICA.

ALL that Mr. Gladstone says respecting America is courteous and considerate. We wish he could have spoken more openly; but he was evidently restrained by the reflection that everything said by a person in his position, would be canvassed across the water with all the irritable susceptibility natural to the nation and the crisis; and that it became him, both as a Christian and the Minister of a friendly power, to throw as much oil as he could upon the still seething waters. He described the predominant feeling of this country towards the United States at the outbreak of their civil strife with perfect truth, as being one of general good-will and sincere sympathy, and of desire for the restoration of peace and prosperity to their shores, in whatever manner might seem best to themselves. He correctly expresses the prevalent conviction also—a conviction which it is evident he shares—when he says that “all the thinking men of the country came to the conclusion that the party which seemed to be the strongest had, in the war for the subjugation of the South, committed themselves to an enterprise which would prove completely beyond their power. We saw there a military undertaking of tremendous difficulty, and one which, if successful, would only be the preface and the introduction to political difficulties yet greater than the military difficulties of the war itself.” So far we agree with Mr. Gladstone most cordially. But when he goes on to state, as not merely his own sentiment but that of the country at large, that “not only had England nothing to fear from the growth of the United States, but that so far as we had a selfish interest at all in the matter, our interest was that the American Union should continue undisturbed,”—we cannot but think that Mr. Gladstone was saying rather what politeness than what sincerity demanded. Of course the day is long past when either the Government or the people of Great Britain were jealous of the progress, or felt any envious regret at the prosperity, of any nation. So long as our neighbors leave us in safety and tranquillity, we rejoice in their growing wealth and numbers, with a gratification second only to that with which we watch our own. We desire no territory for the possession of which they

are competitors; we have no longing for the lands of others, and we have no fear of being deprived of whatever we desire to keep; and political economy has taught us long ago that the swelling affluence of surrounding nations is shared by us and not abstracted from us. But it is scarcely true to say that England had no reason to fear the growing might of the American Republic, when we have had too many and too recent proofs that the very rapidity and extent of that growth had demoralized both the people and the Government; that their strength had made them prompt to encroach and prone to overbear; that their craving for territory had so grown with what it fed on, that though their own lands were only just dotted over with inhabitants, yet the sight, or rather the notion, of any other races on that vast continent, had become gall and wormwood to their grasping and ambitious minds; and that the consciousness of their augmenting power had so turned the heads of the democracy, that the rights and feelings of others seemed actually to have no existence in their eyes whenever they traversed American sentiments or objects. We cannot admit that England had no reason to desire the curtailment of a power which had led to such results as these.

Nor can we consent to endorse Mr. Gladstone's saying that “the selfish interests of England, so far as those interests were involved at all, would demand that the American Union should have continued undisturbed.” No doubt our selfish interests, whichever way they had pointed, would never have prevailed so far as to dictate any proceeding which had the remotest tendency to dissolve the Union, or even to prompt any decided expression of opinion on the question. The one would have been wrong, the other indecorous. In truth, till a year ago, none in England, except a few philosophic and far-seeing thinkers, ever contemplated the disruption which has taken place as a probable event. No doubt, also, the war which has followed the disruption has been more injurious to British interests, and must be so while it lasts, than the continuance of the Union could have been for long years to come. Our trade with the North has been hampered and endangered, and our trade with the South has been altogether suspended. Our manufacturers are already

suffering severely from the want of their usual supply of American cotton, and will have to suffer still more. No doubt, moreover, the war, as we have just had proof, incidentally involves us in great danger and discomfort, and forces us to incur heavy military expenses. But it is nevertheless indisputably true, that it is the civil war, and not the civil split, which is affecting us so mischievously. If this disruption had been peaceably effected, there can, we think, be little doubt that England would have been a gainer by the transaction; and when peace shall return and the disruption has been established, the gain will become apparent. Protectionist notions had taken a deep hold of the American mind, especially of the mind of the North, where manufactures needing, or supposed to need, artificial fostering, had extensively sprung up. Of late years these notions, far from giving way, as ours had done, under the influence of reason and experience, had acquired greater and greater prevalence and fixity. For half a century the tariffs of the United States had, with scarcely a deviation, been becoming regularly more and more prohibitive or discouraging to importations from abroad of all articles produced at home. The tariffs of 1816, 1828, 1833, and 1842, were all of this character, and they culminated in the Morrill tariff of 1861, which for absurdity, illiberality, and complexity, is, perhaps, not to be matched in any country. Now, the earlier tariffs were enacted in defiance of the earnest opposition of the South, and at the time when Southern statesmen habitually held the seat and the influence of government; it was certain then that, as soon as the supremacy was wrested from them—as it was by the triumph of the Republican party on Mr. Lincoln's election,—the protectionist principles of the Northern section of the Union would have unchallenged sway. And, accordingly, so it proved. The Northerners were willing to concede much on the *Free Soil*, but not one inch on the *Free Trade* question. At the very moment they were suggesting all sorts of liberal compromises as to slavery, they were passing the Morrill tariff almost by acclamation—a tariff avowedly directed against England, at once the chief customer for Southern produce, and the cheapest supplier of Southern wants. It was obvious, therefore, that—as long as

the Union existed in its old form, and more determinately and vigorously than ever before—the commercial policy of the United States would be governed by the steady resolution to encourage native and to prohibit British manufactures to the greatest possible extent. In a short time, it is obvious enough, they would have succeeded to a degree which we should have felt most severely. Already the operation of the American tariffs had become painfully apparent. It is not fair to quote our diminished imports to that country in 1861 (though they have fallen off to little more than *one-third* of their usual amount), because this may have been caused as much by the war as by the new duties. But it is worthy of notice—as a marked contrast with our trade to other countries—that while our imports thence have increased since 1854 from £29,795,000 to £44,728,000, our exports *thither* of British goods have *remained absolutely stationary*, having been £21,410,000 in 1854, and £21,613,000 in 1860.

Now, as soon as the independence of the Confederate States is established, we shall find a twofold change. Their government will be as anxious as our own for a fair and free interchange of our mutual productions; and the cotton, rice, and tobacco, which they send us, will be paid for by the calicoes of Manchester, the woollens of Leeds and Bradford, and the cutlery of Sheffield, which we shall send them. They will be clothed and armed by us, instead of by the Pennsylvanians and the New Yorkers; and they, as well as we, will be gainers by the change. In addition to this, our goods will then penetrate even into the Northern States, in spite of the prohibition of any tariffs and the vigilance of any custom-houses. With a continuous frontier of a thousand miles, thinly peopled, and impossible to guard, how can Free Trade and Protection flourish side by side? How can the cheap cottons and the excellent knives and hatchets with which Kentucky and Virginia will be flooded, be hindered from finding their way across the river and through the woods into Ohio and New York? The thing is simply impossible; and of all the consequences which may be anticipated from the separation between North and South, we regard a considerable increase of our export trade to both sections as the most absolutely certain.

From The Examiner, 11 Jan.

# THE SPANIARD IN MEXICO.

THE latest intelligence from Vera Cruz is of a somewhat startling character, and must particularly disturb the equanimity of those sanguine individuals who still cling to the belief that Spain can be under any circumstances a trustworthy ally, and who have been looking forward with confidence to the good results which are to flow from the joint intervention of the European powers in the affairs of Mexico. It appears that the Captain-General of Cuba, without waiting for the arrival of the French and English squadrons has landed with a considerable body of Spanish troops on the coast of the Republic, captured the fortress of San Juan d'Ulloa, and forced the weak and ill-provided garrison of Vera Cruz to evacuate the town and retire inland. Having performed those feats of arms, General Serrano, as we are told, delays further operations until he shall be reinforced by General Prim and the Anglo-French contingents. Had the expedition been fitted out in order to assist Spain to reconquer the magnificent colonial empire which she lost after three centuries of misgovernment, this conduct on the part of her officer would have been both judicious and considerate; but as we have been led to anticipate a very different consummation, it is evident that the most probable effect of those premature and violent steps will be to introduce new complications, and to destroy all hope of a speedy and pacific solution of the Mexican question. Already the patriotic feelings of the people have been aroused to resist the invader, and when the forces of England and France make their appearance on the scene popular passion will fail to discriminate between them and those of the ancient enemy and oppressor.

The attack on Vera Cruz may not have been expressly authorized by the Spanish Government, but there is every reason to suppose that it will meet with its approval, as did the lawless and unprincipled aggression upon the Republic of San Domingo in April last. For several years the Cabinet of Madrid has been attempting to fix a quarrel on the leaders of the Liberal party in Mexico, and they are now perhaps of opinion that it will be easy to glide from "intervention," undertaken with the ostensible motive of restoring order to a distracted country, into a

serious war, carried on with the aid and concurrence of the only two powers able to check its ambitious designs. Wild as the scheme may appear, it must never be forgotten that Spain still aspires to supremacy in Central America, and that the petty and doubtful pecuniary claims of a few of her subjects are a mere pretext to cover her deeply laid plan of conquest. At heart bitterly hostile to the cause of human freedom, in spite of the constitutional forms which have been adopted at home, she has constantly favored the reactionists of Mexico, and, as we have before pointed out, has done everything in her power to keep alive the flame of civil dissension. In this object the diplomatic agents at the capital have been zealously seconded by thousands of Spaniards engaged in commercial pursuits throughout the republic, who have always taken an extremely active part in its politics, and by the numerous military officers who have received their education in the army of the mother country. Many of the most devoted and efficient partisans of Miramon and Marquez are of Spanish birth, and it is probably calculated that their influence, exerted at a propitious moment, will induce a large proportion of the soldiery to "pronounce" for annexation. According to the last despatches from the Gulf, it was expected that the allied squadrons would arrive at the scene of operations about the beginning of January—fully a month after the striking of the first blow by General Serrano. Upon communicating with Sir Charles Wyke, the British commander may, perhaps, deem it advisable to await further instructions from home before taking any steps to redress by force the grievances of our bondholders, who sometimes speak in the columns of the daily press as if the Royal Navy existed solely for their benefit. It appears from the letter of the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Consul of the Republic in London, published in the *Times* of the 6th inst., that the obnoxious law of the 17th of July last, which decreed the suspension of all payments to national creditors for the space of two years, has been repealed by Congress, and that there is every prospect of the dividends being transmitted more regularly in future than has been the case during the last few years. The chief ground for foreign interference having been thus removed, in obedience to the remonstrances of the British

Minister, it is difficult to see any reason for landing a single soldier or marine at Vera Cruz, unless it be intended to furnish a body-guard to every European merchant between the Atlantic and the Pacific, a measure which the Mexican correspondent of the *Times* appeared to advocate when he enumerated last autumn all the outrages committed by reactionary brigands during the period when the Government of President Juarez was in its weakest state.

There can be no doubt that the Liberal party is much stronger now than in the years 1859-60, when the Republic had two rival Presidents, the one established at the capital and the other at the chief seaport, each receiving countenance and recognition from the envoy of some foreign power. Since the fall of Miramon the Constitutionalists have been steadily advancing to a position of nearly undisputed authority, and it is certainly unfortunate that the hopes of the scattered bands of Marquez and Mejia should be re-awakened by the arrival of a European force, which they cannot fail to regard as acting in accord with Spain, whose enemies are their enemies, and whose interests, like theirs, are entirely opposed to the maintenance of peace and order.

It is possible that in the despatch from the Mexican Foreign Office above referred to Don Manuel de Zamacona may draw too bright a picture of the present condition of the Republic, but the silence of those writers who some time ago catalogued the crimes of nameless marauders, and called aloud for intervention with a fervor and persistency seldom equalled since the "*delenda est Carthago*" of the elder Cato, proves at least that a very sensible amelioration is gradually taking place. It is to be regretted that the patience and indulgence which have so long been extended by England to the worst excesses of former administrations should be exhausted at the precise moment when a new set of men are rising into power, willing to learn wisdom from the faults of their predecessors, and desirous of acting rightly towards foreign nations. It is a delusion to suppose

that they can be in the slightest degree assisted in their efforts to restore prosperity to their country by the presence of an English or French force; the President, who even in appearance should be supported by the guns of a European Government, would inevitably lose ground in the esteem and affection of his fellow-citizens. It is vain to speculate on the course which may be pursued at the present juncture by the commander of the French squadron in Mexican waters, but it is a notorious fact that the emperor's diplomatic representative at the capital has always shown himself a warm friend to the exiled Conservative leaders, and a willing tool in the hands of priestly intriguers. The number of Frenchmen settled in the city of Mexico is stated to be upwards of three thousand, and it is more for the protection of their persons than to enforce a pecuniary claim, in her case of trifling amount, that France now interferes in the affairs of the Republic. It is difficult to believe that her subjects ever were exposed to any serious danger from the inhabitants, with whom they generally have been in the habit of living on the most friendly terms, and it is to be hoped that her officers will not be hasty in lending their support to the acts of General Serrano. We must never forget that the "pacification" of Mexico, as understood by the foreign partisans of the clergy, is merely another name for the ascendancy of Spain, and that if their schemes be for a time successful a desperate struggle must ultimately occur between that power and one or both of the Anglo-American Confederations.

By interfering now the nations of Europe have forfeited the right to protest against, and, if necessary, to oppose by force, the encroachments of the people of the Southern States, who only await the settlement of their present difficulties to march across the Rio Grande preaching the doctrine of "intervention," and establishing order and slavery also throughout the length and breadth of the territories of their unhappy neighbor.



From The Examiner.

*John Rogers: the Compiler of the first Authorized English Bible; the Pioneer of the English Reformation; and its first Martyr.* Embracing a Genealogical Account of his Family, Biographical Sketches of some of his Principal Descendants, his own writings, etc., etc. By Joseph Lemuel Chester. Longmans.

MR. CHESTER is a native of New England, who crossed the Atlantic in hope of proving his descent from old John Rogers. In this he failed, but of the notes which he collected, this volume is the result. Two hundred pages are devoted to the martyr himself, about half as many to his ancestors and descendants, and a hundred and fifty more—the most valuable part of the whole book—to the printing of various documents rich in interest to the student of Church literature during the Tudor century.

The first portion of the work is ill-constructed, being nearly as much about Foxe as about Rogers. Not content with saying, as he does in his preface, that the martyrologist's account of the martyr is "full of the widest discrepancies and grossest errors," and with calling attention to the importance of his own discoveries, as he might have done in a few pointed and unobtrusive notes, he loads his text with useless discussion and abuse worse than useless. Whole pages of Foxe are copied out solely that they may be tediously controverted, and the same charges are made again and again, when the biographer has once done his best to substantiate them. In this way the scanty story is spun out to three times the necessary length, and every worthless page diminishes the interest that would be felt in a statement of the simple facts.

John Rogers was born about the year 1500, in the suburbs of old Birmingham. At Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, according to Foxe, "he profitably travailed in good learning," and he obtained his B.A. in 1525. Soon after that he took orders. Towards the end of 1532 he seems to have become rector of the Church of Trinity the Less, in London. About two years later he went, as chaplain to the Company of Merchant Adventurers, to Antwerp, and he lived on the continent during twelve or fourteen memorable years. Starting as a popish priest, he might have continued to perform his sacred functions "after the common use and custom," says

Foxe, "of the worshippers of idols at that time." But in Antwerp he met with William Tyndale and Miles Coverdale, exiles for the truth, and with them he promptly formed a close friendship. Tyndale had issued his first translation of the New Testament in 1525. He returned to England, where he was martyred in October, 1536, and the bright example of his faithfulness to the death may have been the crowning argument for the conversion of Rogers. Be that as it may, Rogers, shifting ground "by little and little, from day to day," and steadily growing in sympathy with the fugitives of whom he became a leading patron, had renounced his chaplaincy and become wholly a Protestant in the early part of 1537, when he married Adriana de Weydon, a Brabant lady, "more richly endowed with virtue and soberness of life than with worldly treasures."

During the same year was published the Matthew Bible, in the preparation of which Mr. Chester accords to his hero a far larger share than is usually attributed to him. Some few historians, Bale and Fuller especially, declare that Rogers translated the entire volume, but the majority have passed him by as simply a "corrector of the press." It is probable that, working under Tyndale so long as the latter lived, he completed the work by himself, revising those parts which had already been translated for the first time, and rendering the rest. At any rate, the Matthew Bible appeared under his auspices, and, if we except Wyclif's noble production, nearly two centuries older, it was the first really valuable version. Coverdale's, printed in 1535, was in every way a failure, equally untrue to the original and ill-adapted to the tongues of Englishmen. This one of Rogers', however, Archbishop Cranmer declared to be so good that no one could hope to produce a better "till a day after doomsday;" and it is substantially the version still used throughout the land. It appeared in eleven hundred and ten folio pages of black letter adorned with seventy-eight woodcuts, forming, as Mr. Chester tells us with precision, a volume measuring fourteen and a half inches in length, ten and a half in width, and three in thickness.

That is the one great work for which Rogers is entitled to enduring honor. He returned to England, now opened to Prot-

estants by Edward the Sixth's accession, in the autumn of 1548, and towards the end of the same year he published a translation of one of Melancthon's works. Mr. Chester justly defends him from Foxe's charge of implication in the doom of Joan of Kent. He makes clear the succession of his ecclesiastical preferments during Edward's reign. In May, 1550, Rogers became Rector of St. Margaret Moyses and Vicar of St. Sepulchre, both in London, and on the 24th of August, 1551, he was appointed Prebend of St. Pancras. Somewhat later he became Divinity Lecturer in St. Paul's. But, even in those sunny days for Protestantism, he had too much of the nonconforming spirit to be heartily liked by those highest in power; and then upon Edward followed Mary.

Rogers had conscientiously objected to the Lady Jane's elevation to the sovereignty, as the right was clearly with Mary; but on the 6th of August, 1553, three days after the queen's arrival in London, he delivered, at Paul's Cross, what Foxe describes as "a most godly and vehement sermon, avowing and confirming such true doctrine as he and others had there taught in King Edward's days, exhorting the people constantly to remain in the same, and to beware of all pestilent popery, idolatry, and superstition." It was his glory to be the first public assertor of those principles for which many—he the earliest—suffered martyrdom under Mary, and by which religious liberty was won for Englishmen in all succeeding time. For his bold speech he was forthwith called before the Council. Gardiner charged him with preaching against the queen. "That did I not," he declared; "let that be proved, and let me die for it!" He was arrested, and deprived of all his clerical emoluments, but less vindictive measures were resorted to than his enemies desired. For nearly half a year he remained prisoner in his own house. On the 27th of January, 1554, he was transferred to Newgate.

"Bonner," avers Foxe, "had long striven, with his utmost power, to accomplish this result, as he could not abide such an honest neighbor." From Newgate he issued noble protests for the true faith, but at the same time enjoined men to singular moderation, beseeching them to act as obedient subjects of the Queen's Highness, and rather to give

their heads to the block than in any point to rebel or once mutter against the Lord's Anointed. In writing and praying, and in such converse with his fellow-prisoners and his wife and other visitors as the rigid prison-rules would allow, a year was passed. On the 22d of January, 1555, he was again taken before the Council, and then there could be no question of his doom. Brow-beating and wanton cruelty, such as always accompany religious persecution, Rogers had to face, and there was in him the same rare patient endurance of insult as in thousands of brave martyrs. Sir Richard Southwell scornfully told Rogers that, when he came to the burning, he would not be so confident and fearless. "Sir, I cannot tell," he answered, raising his eyes to heaven, "but I trust to my Lord God, yes." On returning to his cell, Rogers wrote a very eloquent account of his examination, and compiled appropriate messages to the wife and children, from whom he knew he must very soon be separated. These latter were penned on "the 27th of January, at night." On the morning of the 28th he was, with unseemly haste, brought up for the final trial, which occupied two days, although its issue had been long decided. On Monday morning, the 4th of February, he was burnt. At almost the last moment Sheriff Woodroffe urged him to recant. "That which I have preached I will seal with my blood," was Rogers' only answer. "Then thou art an heretic," said the sheriff. "That," meekly replied Rogers, "shall be known at the day of judgment." Woodroffe was not pleased. "Well," he said, "I will never pray for thee." "But I will pray for *you*!" answered Rogers, and in that brave Christian temper he died.

Of the martyr's children Daniel rose to be a skilful, honest diplomatist, a man after Walsingham's own heart, under Queen Elizabeth. A dear friend of Sir Philip Sidney, he was, we are told by Camden, "excellently well learned." Mr. Chester's brief account of him is especially valuable, because in it he is able to rectify some inaccuracies into which Mr. Motley has fallen, and to present the man in a much truer and worthier light than is thrown on him through the pages of the "History of the United Netherlands."

Mr. Chester's book, we should add, is adorned with a portrait and five illustrations.

From The Spectator.

## INTELLECTUAL INSTINCTS.\*

THE valuable portion of this little book is the first,—on what we may call the Intellectual Instincts. The second, on Reason, could not be discussed to much purpose, even succinctly, within the brief limits of Sir George Ramsay's book, but he has done good service in bringing pointedly before the philosophical world the large instinctive element which still remains unexplained at the basis of all our intellectual operations. It is too common to confine the notion of instinct to active processes, and the result has been a fatal narrowing of the whole field of discussion on this subject. In fact intellectual instinct is quite as important as active instinct, and is usually involved in it. Instinctive acts and emotions are those, as Sir G. Ramsay reminds us, which are, in the individual at least, *original*, not slowly built up out of association and habit—which are involuntary—which force themselves on us without any thought of our own, and which spring up *beneath* the field of consciousness and cannot be adequately justified in that field but must be assumed as justifying themselves. For example, take the case of parental love; so far as it is an instinct at all, it is due to no education, or meditation, or will, or habit, but asserts its own force over the mind; it springs into existence beneath the field of consciousness, and if asked to justify itself to another who has not experienced it, it can do so only by asserting imperatively its own overpowering vitality. Here, then, we have the type of a true instinct: but the thinking world has not generally perceived that the whole basis of our intellectual life, as well as our moral, emotional, and active, rests upon such instincts, and that this fact has a great bearing upon the theory of instinct which Mr. Darwin recently brought so ably before the world in his theory of species. Let us take Sir G. Ramsay's four notes of intellectual instinct:—

"The characteristics of instinctive knowledge may more methodically be summed up thus:—

First.—It must be *original*, not derived from previous knowledge. From this it follows, as a corollary, that it is got without effort, whether we will or not; without seeking, without meditation; that it neither demands nor admits of logical proof.

"Secondly,—It must be *universal*, held by all men without exception; even by those who profess to doubt it.

\* *Instinct and Reason on the First Principles of Human Knowledge.* By Sir George Ramsay, Bart. Walton and Maberly.

"Thirdly.—It must be *irresistible*, proof against all sceptical arguments, though unanswerable.

"Fourthly.—It must not be self-evident, like the axioms of mathematics; in other words it must not be *discerned* to be true. The corollary from this is, that the denial of instinctive truth, however perverse, is still admissible; for such denial is, strictly speaking, not absurd, that is, not directly opposed to reason.

"These four characteristics, with their corollaries, sufficiently determine what is instinctive knowledge."

Now we have a remark to make on this fourth criterion of instinctive knowledge. It is true to say that instinctive knowledge must not, properly speaking, be self-evident; must not, *while it remains indistinctive*, be *discerned* to be true, but it is a great mistake to say that any knowledge, which is knowledge at all, can *in no case* be discerned to be true. Sir G. Ramsay says that a man's knowledge of his personal identity differs from his knowledge that "lines equal to the same line are equal to one another," in that the one is not discerned to be true, and the other is. We say, on the contrary, that there are stages in every man's life when neither the one nor the other are *discerned* to be true, though they are implicitly assumed to be true,—though they *regulate* all the actions and the life, as instinctive knowledge. Again there comes a time when both the one and the other truth are *discerned*—the one as truly discerned as the other,—the personal truth as certainly as the mathematical truth. The lower animals assume, and act upon the assumption of, their personal identity as habitually as man; otherwise a dog beaten once would not be disposed to refrain from the act which brought him the beating; the assumption of personal identity is as clearly there wherever there is memory, as in the man, but the dog does not think about it and discern it,—he does not bring it within the discriminating power of his reason. The child is, in its infancy, in just the same position,—it assumes for all practical purposes, but never discerns, its personal identity. But that it is a truth as capable of intellectual discernment as mathematical axioms themselves seems to us perfectly clear.

But Sir G. Ramsay would have been right in saying that the majority of instinctive truths are not like the particular class of mathematical truths, capable of being made evident to others, and is quite right in saying that their denial is not intrinsically self-contradictory. But this is a cross division which distinguishes the instinctive truths founded, in each case, on individual experience from those founded on external facts

accessible to all alike. I can never make evident to another *my* grounds for believing in my own personal identity, and if another man had lost all sense of his own personal identity, if he forgot one moment the *self* of the previous moment and looked upon himself as a different man, I could assert that he was not sane but not that he was self-contradictory. The fact on which intellectual instincts usually rest is a fact of individual experience alone, where no one else's experience can invalidate yours. A mother without maternal instincts could as easily be made to appear *logically* incoherent—which of course would be impossible—as a man without the instinct (and perception founded on the instinct) of his personal identity. He would be a man with a craze, no doubt, because this sense of personal identity runs through everything; but if he cannot identify *himself*, no one can do it for him. The fact, therefore, on which the knowledge derived from intellectual instincts usually rests is a personal fact, accessible to no mind but one. The facts on which mathematical knowledge rests are external and objective facts open to all the world. In the former case, therefore, *both* the basis of fact *and* the perceiving power lie in the individual mind; in the latter only the perceiving power, the basis of fact being patent to all the world.

If, now, Sir G. Ramsay wishes to deny the name of instinct to the latent and regulative general *forms* of the mind, and to keep it for the latent and regulative individual *facts* of the mind, we have no objection; only we say, do not deny that these truths are as capable as any others of clear *discernment*, and only incapable of being made evident by one to another, because the fact which makes it evident to my mind is not that which makes it evident to yours. It is a similar fact, but not the same.

This being premised, we must add that Sir G. Ramsay's list of intellectual instincts is very defective. He enumerates "personal identity," "knowledge of matter"—he should rather say, "knowledge of something distinct from mind"—"knowledge of uniformity in nature," "knowledge of our own free will," "belief in human testimony." But one of the clearest cases of an intellectual instinct is left out, in the *classifying* instinct, which is as strong in the lower animals as in man. When the slave-making ant avoids the *pupæ* of the little yellow ant, or uses them only for food, knowing that they will not make good slaves, while it seizes with the greatest eagerness the *pupæ* of the red ant, to train itself up new slaves—is not the classifying instinct as distinctly developed as in man himself? That repeated perceptions of different individuals of the

same class tend to form in the mind a certain instinctive or working notion of a class, is a fact at the basis of our whole intellectual nature, without which we could scarcely be said to have an intellectual nature, and it is a fact common to us with the lower animals.

Again, Sir G. Ramsay has omitted the interpretative instincts of man—by which we attribute (long before definite associations of ideas can have been formed) a certain meaning to the expression of the human face and manner—to smiles and frowns, and the other symbols of thought and emotion. Probably the "instinct of belief in human testimony" is really to be classed as simply *one* of the tendencies to ascribe a definite meaning to the moral *expressions* of men, whether those expressions be conveyed through the eye and ear, or in any other way. This is one of the highest class of our intellectual instincts, and also one which scarcely ever passes at all, during our human life, into the region of really intellectual *discernment*.

On the whole, though, Sir G. Ramsay's little book has interest and acuteness; it would have been better if he had left Logic to others, and expanded the portion on intellectual instincts into a dissertation which is much needed.

The subject needs the more notice, because the discussion of the origin of instinct raised by Mr. Darwin was exceedingly embarrassed by the restriction to active instincts, which have a direct tendency to preserve and advantage the race of the beings which possess them. The theory of "natural selection" was—that creatures accidentally, and perhaps abnormally gifted with a special advantage in organization, often transmit that advantage, and that so soon as a species thus springs up of which it is a permanent and marked feature, the advantage they possess tends to prolong and multiply *their* class rather than that of the competing and inferior species, which become the prey of natural enemies, while the gifted species survives and increases. The knotty point of the problem was, how far the operation of this cause might be supposed to extend. Could it in any way account for the first birth of species—for the *origin* of instinct as well as its modification? We think the intellectual instincts would have something to say on this head. Could the classifying instinct, for instance, *originate* in the mind of an accidentally gifted ant, which for the first time should begin to recognize as a class the red ants, and as a distinct class the white ants? Is it not clear that in these intellectual instincts we have a starting-point which, though no doubt capable of indefinite improvement, cannot be supposed to originate in elements other than mental?



From The Spectator.  
ELIMINATE.

SIR,—As a reader of your journal for the last twenty-five years, I beg to tender you thanks for the nervous and correct language which has marked its columns, and for the frequent protests it has made against mannerisms of style and the lax employment of words and phrases by public writers. May I be permitted to call your attention to the term "*eliminate*" (with its nominal form), as one in which I observe a tendency towards a corrupt and confused meaning amongst some inferior writers, which it may be useful to check in time.

Its derivation explains its meaning to be that of "thrusting out" or "expelling;" its philosophical use is that of casting out a confusing or non-essential element, so as to exhibit the relations of the essential factors of a problem. Figuratively speaking, *eliminate* always refers to the "dross," never to the "precious ore," to the accident, not the cause—to the falsehood, not the truth.

We have words in plenty for expressing the idea of "bringing into view" the end or object desired, such, to wit, as *elicit*, *evolve*, *unfold*, *deduce*, *discover*, *develop*, etc., but we have, I think, hardly another word equivalent to "*eliminate*;" to "*exclude*" does not fully meet the sense required, and to "*weed*" is too specific and metaphorical.

To generalize the word "*elimination*," therefore, so as to make it signify no more than "*evolution*" is not only to confound an obvious distinction between "*casting out*" and "*bringing out*," the one referring to that which is worthless, the other to that which is worthy, but it leaves our language without an exact philosophical term which is in constant demand.

Your own pages afford many illustrations of its precise and proper employment. Here is one taken from your article on "The Confessions of a Reforming German Duke," August 24, p. 915: "Liberalism is a political faith which can scarcely be said to exist in very small societies, so much does it depend on a circle of various interests wide enough to *eliminate* selfish individual wants, and give a certain breadth to patriotic zeal."

In the same number, p. 929, column 1st, I find another example: "Of too early marriages, the author says, with striking justice, that they *eliminate* the period of youth from a workman's life."

The current number of the *National Review* presents another instance of the right use of the word. It will be found in an Essay on the book of "Ecclesiastes," p. 155: "The thinker may not be conscious of tending towards Atheism, or of having *eliminated* from his world the only power which gives to man any personal consciousness of a God."

It is clear, from these examples, that to use the word "*elicit*" in these passages, would be, indeed, to "*eliminate*" the meaning, not to express or "*elicit*" it. To find this substitution in curious specimens of second-rate temperance literature, as in the *Weekly Record*, where the editor blames Dr. Lees for not taking the wisest methods of "*eliminating* the truth!"—is not surprising; but when we pass to such respectable works, as in general issue from the press of Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, and find the same vulgarisms creeping into use, the fact seems to call for special protest and rebuke, from all lovers, of "the pure well of English undefiled," and from all who appreciate the value of precision in philosophical language. I allude to a volume which has been noticed with some praise in your columns, *The past and Present Life of the Globe*, by David Page, F.G.S.

At p. 118, I find an example, which is repeated again and again, the word evidently being a favorite phrase, though always employed in the false sense: "The plants and animals of the newer epochs bear the impress of specialization, and find in new external conditions a fitting habitat for their growth and *elimination*"!!! (meaning development).

Again, at p. 221, I find a double offence in a single sentence: "Not progress from imperfection to perfection of purpose, but from mechanism to the subtler *elimination* of mind . . . from a long azoic period, during which the material elements were being *eliminated* into mechanical order."

Allow me, sir, the advantage of your columns to protest against the notion that "*elimination*" is "*development*" on the one hand, or "*arrangement*" on the other: above all, to reclaim "against the absurdity that progress can in any sense consist in the 'casting-out' of mind."

Yours Truly,

F. R. L.

Leeds, January 11, 1862.

*To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, the petition of the Subscriber respectfully sheweth :*

THAT inauspicious as the present state of our national affairs may seem in some respects, it is favorable to the correction of a practice, long established, and of great damage to the stability of mercantile transactions, and to the pecuniary interest of the government. That is,—suffering private corporations to usurp the sovereign power of creating the Currency.

So vital does the Constitution consider this point, that it prohibits the *States* from coining even Gold and Silver. How much more important that they should not coin paper! And yet they have done this—and done it by irresponsible deputies.

In ordinary times it would be almost impossible to correct this practice, by means of which some hundreds of corporations now *divide among themselves two hundred millions of dollars*, borrowed without interest from the people, and lent back to the same people upon interest. The political power of these corporations and their debtors would ordinarily be too strong to be resisted, and it is only when danger is upon us that an aroused patriotism makes it possible to resume this neglected attribute of sovereign power, and make it available for the defence of the nation.

And this may now be done gradually, and without any violent changes of existing customs or interests, by a process which has long been in successful practice in England, and which is as simple as is the planting of corn,—a process by which there will grow up a harvest of such abundance that it will pay off our debt; and in its other results will repay all the money loss occasioned by the war.

Let Gold to pay the Interest of the Public Debt, be deposited in the Mint, and let such interest be paid by Mint Drafts in sums of 5, 10, 20, 50, and 100 dollars. These drafts should be payable in New York and Boston as well as in Philadelphia. As they will be of the same value as gold, and more convenient except for exportation, the gold itself, after the necessary amount shall have entered into circulation, will only be called for, when needed for sending abroad. When Peace shall return there will be a rapid,

large, and permanent accumulation of gold in the Mint and other depositories; while Mint Drafts will be supplying its place in all parts of the Republic. By such a process the Bank of England has always in circulation notes never less in amount than one hundred millions of dollars.

When it shall have been found that a considerable amount of gold has remained uncalled for, let a Board of Currency be empowered to invest portions thereof, from time to time, in United States Stock. Let the interest of such Stocks be invested in the same manner. The result will be First,—that the whole debt will rapidly be absorbed, as shown hereafter; and Second,—that such an *unfluctuating Currency* will be provided for all parts of the country as will give security and steadiness to business, and will thus raise the standard of mercantile morality. Men who have lived long amidst the floods and ebbs of Bank-note Currency, by which so many thousands have been shipwrecked, will not think it extravagant to estimate this last advantage as a sufficient recompense for the money losses of the Rebellion.

It will cost nothing to begin such a policy. If proved good upon trial it will grow with the steadiness of nature, and when mature will supplant (as it ought) all other than National Currency. How much such growth will be impeded, or quickened, by the present derangement of our finances, and the failure of the Banks, it is not easy to compute. A table is appended, which is estimated to be below the mark. In less than twenty years from this time it would probably become an established doctrine that the proper business of Banks is to lend money, not to borrow or coin it.

Whatever other plans of Currency or Banking you may sanction, pray try this also. If it be worthy, as your petitioner believes, it will when once set in operation, outlive and outgrow all others. It is immaterial to the argument whether the progress be more or less rapid than is indicated in the Table.

It is evident that the growth of this Sinking Fund and of our National Credit and

Power, depend upon such Taxation as shall pay the Interest and other expenses of the government. It is desirable, and seems almost necessary, that such a Tariff as will yield the greatest revenue (and to be altered only to correct mistakes on this point) should be considered as fixed for twenty-five years. This settled policy, added to such Direct Taxation as would make the revenue suffi-

cient to pay current expenses, including Interest, would *this year* make our National Credit strong enough to bear any strain which the possible pressure of Europe may make necessary. In 1888 our population will be seventy millions, and the Budget may then safely be put on a Peace establishment.

E. LITTELL.

*Living Age Office, Boston, 6 Feb. 1862.*

## SINKING-FUND AND NATIONAL CURRENCY.

ESTIMATED GROWTH IN 25 YEARS.

THE present Bank-note Currency is estimated to exceed 200 millions. Mint Drafts would gradually supplant it, and increase as the growing business of the country should require.

Suppose that by 1863 there should be a circulation of Mint Drafts, over and above the amount brought in for payment, of 20 millions, thus leaving that amount of gold uncalled for, and that it would be safe to invest in U. S. Stocks 10 millions thereof.

Invest then, 10 millions,		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10
1864	Interest on 10 millions	-	7-10 millions, which invest with	103-10 more						11
1865	" 21	"	1 1-2	"	"	10 1-2	"			12
1866	" 33	"	2 1-2	"	"	10 1-2	"			13
1867	" 46	"	3	"	"	11	"			14
1868	" 60	"	4	"	"	11	"			15
1869	" 75	"	5	"	"	11	"			16
1870	" 91	"	6	"	"	11	"			17
1871	" 108	"	7	"	"	11	"			18
1872	" 126	"	9	"	"	11	"			20
1873	" 146	"	10	"	"	11	"			21
1874	" 167	"	12	"	"	11	"			23
1875	" 190	"	13	"	"	11	"			24
1876	" 214	"	15	"	"	11	"			26
1877	" 240	"	17	"	"	11	"			28
1878	" 268	"	19	"	"	11	"			30
1879	" 298	"	21	"	"	11	"			32
1880	" 330	"	23	"	"	11	"			34
1881	" 364	"	25	"	"	11	"			36
1882	" 400	"	28	"	"	11	"			39
1883	" 439	"	30	"	"	11	"			41
1884	" 480	"	33	"	"	11	"			44
1885	" 524	"	37	"	"	11	"			48
1886	" 572	"	40	"	"	11	"			51
1887	" 623	"	43	"	"	11	"			54
1888	" 677	"	47	"	"	11	"			58

So the amount of U. S. Stocks absorbed would be 735 millions; of which 452 millions is Interest, and 283 millions Principal. The outstanding Mint Drafts being under 300 millions at the end of the 25 years; which is, as it ought to be, much less in proportion than the corporation paper now is.

## DEAD.

THE seasons weave their ancient dance,  
The restless ocean ebbs and flows,  
The world rolls on through day and dark,  
Regardless of our joys or woes!

Still up the breezy western slopes  
The reaper girls, like apples brown,  
Bend singing to their gleeful toil,  
And sweep the golden harvest down:

Still, where the slanting sunlight gilds  
The boles of cedar and of pine,  
Chants the lone blackbird from the brake  
With melancholy voice divine:

Still all about the mossy tracks  
Hums at his darg the woodward bee;  
Still fitfully the corn-crake's note  
Comes to me from the upland lea:

Still round the forest bower SHE loved,  
The woodbine trails its rich festoons;  
The slumbrous poppies burst and fall  
Beneath the silent autumn moons.

Still round her lattice, perched aloof,  
In sunny shade of thatched eaves,  
The jasmine clings, with yearning pale,  
And withers in its shroud of leaves:

Still round the old familiar porch  
Her cherished roses blush and peer,  
And fill the sunny air with balm,  
And strew their petals year by year.

Nor here within, one touch of change!  
The footstool—the embroidered chair—  
The books—the arras on the wall—  
The harp—the music,—all are there.

No touch of change! I close my eyes—  
It cannot be SHE comes no more!  
I hear the rustling of her dress;  
I hear her footstep on the floor.

I feel her breath upon my brow;  
I feel her kiss upon my cheek:—  
Down, phantoms of the buried past!  
Down, or my heavy heart must break.  
—Poems by a Painter.

## UNDER THE CROSS,

I CANNOT, cannot say—  
Out of my bruised and breaking heart—  
Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,  
While blood-drops start  
From every pore, as I drag on—  
"Thy will, O God, be done."

I cannot, in the wave  
Of my strange sorrow's fierce baptism,  
Look up to heaven, with spirit brave  
With holy chrism;  
And while the whelming rite goes on,  
Murmur, "God's will be done."

I am not strong to bear  
This sudden blast of scorching breath,  
Which blossoms hope in black despair,  
And life in death;  
I cannot say, without the sun,  
"My God, thy will be done."

I thought, but yesterday,  
My will was one with God's dear will;  
And that it would be sweet to say—  
Whatever ill  
My happy state should smite upon,  
"Thy will, my God, be done."

But I was weak and wrong,  
Both weak of soul and wrong of heart;  
And Pride alone in me was strong,  
With cunning art  
To cheat me in the golden sun,  
To say, "God's will be done."

O shadow, drear and cold,  
That frights me out of foolish pride;  
O flood! that through my bosom rolled  
Its billowy tide!  
I said, till ye your power made known,  
"God's will, not mine, be done."

Now, faint and sore afraid,  
Under my cross—heavy and rude—  
My idols in the ashes laid,  
Like ashes strewed;  
The holy words my pale lips shun—  
"O God, thy will be done."

Pity my woes, O God!  
And touch my will with thy warm breath;  
Put in my trembling hand thy rod,  
That quickens death;  
That my dead faith may feel thy sun,  
And say, "Thy will be done!"  
January 1, 1862. W. C. R.  
N. Y. Examiner.

## ABSENCE.

ABSENCE, hear thou my protestation  
Against thy strength,  
Distance, and length;  
Do what thou canst for alteration:  
For hearts of truest metal  
Absence doth join, and Time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,  
He soon hath found  
Affection's ground  
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.  
To hearts that cannot vary,  
Absence is Presence, Time doth tarry.

By absence this good means I gain,  
That I can catch her,  
Where none can watch her,  
In some close corner of my brain:  
There I embrace and kiss her;  
And so I both enjoy and miss her.